

SEPTEMBER
No. 50

10¢



CRACK COMICS



Captain
TRIUMPH
finds
**A KEY TO
TROUBLE!**

**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

WANTED! *Skinny Weaklings* to become **HE-MEN**

Let me **PROVE**
I can make **YOU**
TOUGH AS
TARZAN

inside and out... in double quick time
—OR IT WON'T COST YOU A CENT!
says *George F. Jowett*
WORLD'S GREATEST BODY BUILDER



"The Jowett System
is the greatest in the
world!" says R. F. Kelly,
Physical Director
Atlantic City.

Give me 10 Minutes a Day

Learn My Time Tested Secrets of Strength

I'll teach you the "Progressive Power Method" through which I rebuilt myself from a physical wreck the doctors condemned to die at 15, to the holder of more strength records than any other living athlete or teacher! "Progressive Power" has proven its ability to build the strongest, handsomest men in the world. And I stand ready to show you on a money back basis—that no matter how flabby or puny you are I can do the same for you right in your own home. Let me prove I can add inches to your arms, broaden your shoulders, give you a man-sized chest, powerful legs and a Rock-like back—in fact, power pack your whole body so quickly it will amaze you! Through my proven secrets I bring to life new power in you inside and out, until YOU are fully satisfied you are the man you want to be.

PROVE IT TO YOURSELF IN ONE NIGHT

Send only 25c in full payment for my test course "Molding A Mighty Arm." Try it for one night! Experience the thrilling strength that will surge through your muscles. But better order all five courses for \$1.00!

READ WHAT THESE FAMOUS PUPILS SAY ABOUT JOWETT. WHY DON'T YOU FOLLOW IN

THEIR FOOTSTEPS!



A. PASSAMONT, Jowett-trained athlete who was named America's first prize-winner for Physical Perfection!

REX FERRIS, Champion Strength Athlete of South Africa says he: "I owe everything to Jowett's methods! Look at this chest—then consider the value of the Jowett Courses!"



SEND FOR JOWETT'S PHOTO BOOK OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN!

This amazing book has guided thousands of weaklings to muscular power. Packed with photos of miracle men of might and muscle who started perhaps weaker than you are. Read the thrilling adventures of Jowett in strength that inspired his pupils to follow him. They'll show you the best way to might and muscle. Send for this FREE gift book of PHOTOS OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN.

FREE!



JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE
230 Fifth Ave., Dept. Q-79 • New York 1, N. Y.

BUILD A BODY YOU'LL BE PROUD OF

Send for These FIVE Famous Courses NOW in BOOK FORM ONLY 25c EACH or ALL 5 for \$1

At last, Jowett's world-famous muscle-building courses, are available in book form to all readers of this publication at an extremely low price of 25 cents each! All 5 for only \$1.00. You owe it to your country, to your family, and to yourself, to make yourself physically fit now! Start at once to improve your physique by following Jowett's simple, easy method of muscle-building!

10-DAY TRIAL OFFER!

Think of it—all five of these famous course-books for only ONE DOLLAR—or any one of them for 25c. If you're not delighted with these famous muscle-building books—if you don't actually FEEL results within ONE WEEK, send them back and your money will be promptly refunded!

Don't let this opportunity get away from you! And don't forget—by sending the FREE GIFT COUPON at once you receive a FREE copy of the famous Jowett book, "Nerves of Steel, Muscles of Iron."



FREE GIFT COUPON!

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE DEPT. Q-79
230 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

George F. Jowett
Champion of
Champions

George F. Jowett—Please send by return mail, prepaid, FREE Jowett's Photo Book of Strong Men, along with courses checked below:

- | | |
|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> All 5 Picture Courses complete for which I enclose \$1.00 in full payment | <input type="checkbox"/> Molding a Mighty Chest, 25c |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Molding Mighty Legs, 25c | <input type="checkbox"/> Molding a Mighty Arm, 25c |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Molding a Mighty Grip, 25c | <input type="checkbox"/> Molding a Mighty Back, 25c |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Send all 5 C.O.D. (\$1.00 plus post.) no orders less than \$1, sent C.O.D. | |

NAME AGE

(PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY. INCLUDE ZONE NUMBER)

ADDRESS

A dynamic comic book illustration for 'Captain Triumph'. At the top, a yellow banner with the word 'Captain' in a stylized script font is partially visible. Below it, the word 'TRIUMPH' is written in large, bold, red block letters. The main scene depicts a sword fight on a set of wide stone steps. A man in a red t-shirt and white pants, identified as Michael Gallant, is lunging forward with a sword. He is being parried by a man in a yellow t-shirt and white pants, identified as Lance, who is also lunging. A woman with red hair, wearing a blue halter top and a white skirt, is running up the steps towards the fight. In the background, there are palm trees and a building with a red roof. In the bottom right corner, two men are shown: one in a white shirt and the other in a brown suit, both looking on with interest. A scroll and a newspaper clipping are also present, providing background information on the characters and the plot.

Captain

TRIUMPH

The vacation island of Saint Dunstan opposed Captain Triumph with a brilliant swindle plot, a suave and heartless Criminal, and a tropical storm.....

Just a fair workout for Captain Triumph!

Michael Gallant died bravely... but his ghost lives and fights! When his twin brother Lance touches the strange birth-mark on his wrist, he and Michael fuse into the wonder champion of justice....

CAPTAIN TRIUMPH!

The exclusive beach club on the island of Saint Dunstan, not too far South of the United States...

YOU ARE AN AMERICAN, A MAN OF THE WORLD... AND MY FRIEND! I FEEL THAT I CAN TRUST YOU, MR. TRUSCOTT!

YOU FEEL RIGHT, PRINCE NARMAX! WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?



IT IS A MATTER OF TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS IN MY SAFETY DEPOSIT BOX IN AMERICA... MONEY NEEDED TO ESTABLISH MY CLAIM TO THE THRONE OF ROVNA! BUT A TECHNICALITY IN YOUR EMIGRATION LAWS REFUSES ME ADMITTANCE TO YOUR COUNTRY!

THAT'S A LOT OF MONEY... AND A SHAME YOU CAN'T PUT YOUR HANDS ON IT!



CHAMPAGNE, WAITER! THE BEST FOR HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS!

I WOULD LIKE TO MAKE YOU MY PARTNER IN THIS MOVE BACK TO MY THRONE! ADVANCE ME MONEY TO LIVE ON HERE, AND ON YOUR RETURN TO AMERICA, GET THE FORTUNE FROM MY SAFETY DEPOSIT BOX!



YOU WILL ADVANCE ME TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS! I GIVE YOU THE KEY --- AND THIS WRITTEN AUTHORITY TO OPEN BOX 999 IN THE SUBURBAN TRUST COMPANY AT---

THAT'S A STEEP ADVANCE, YOUR HIGHNESS! BUT ROYALTY DESERVES IT!



YOU WILL PROFIT, MY FRIEND! KEEP HALF THE SUM IN THE SAFE DEPOSIT BOX AND RETURN ME THE REST.... SUFFICIENT FOR MY RETURN TO RULE!

HERE'S A TOAST TO THAT HAPPY DAY!



As the two separate...

I'LL GET THAT TWO HUNDRED GRAND HE'S GOT STORED AWAY... BUT IF HE THINKS I'LL GIVE HIM ANY OF IT, HE'S NUTS! WHAT CAN HE DO TO MAKE ME TURN IT OVER?

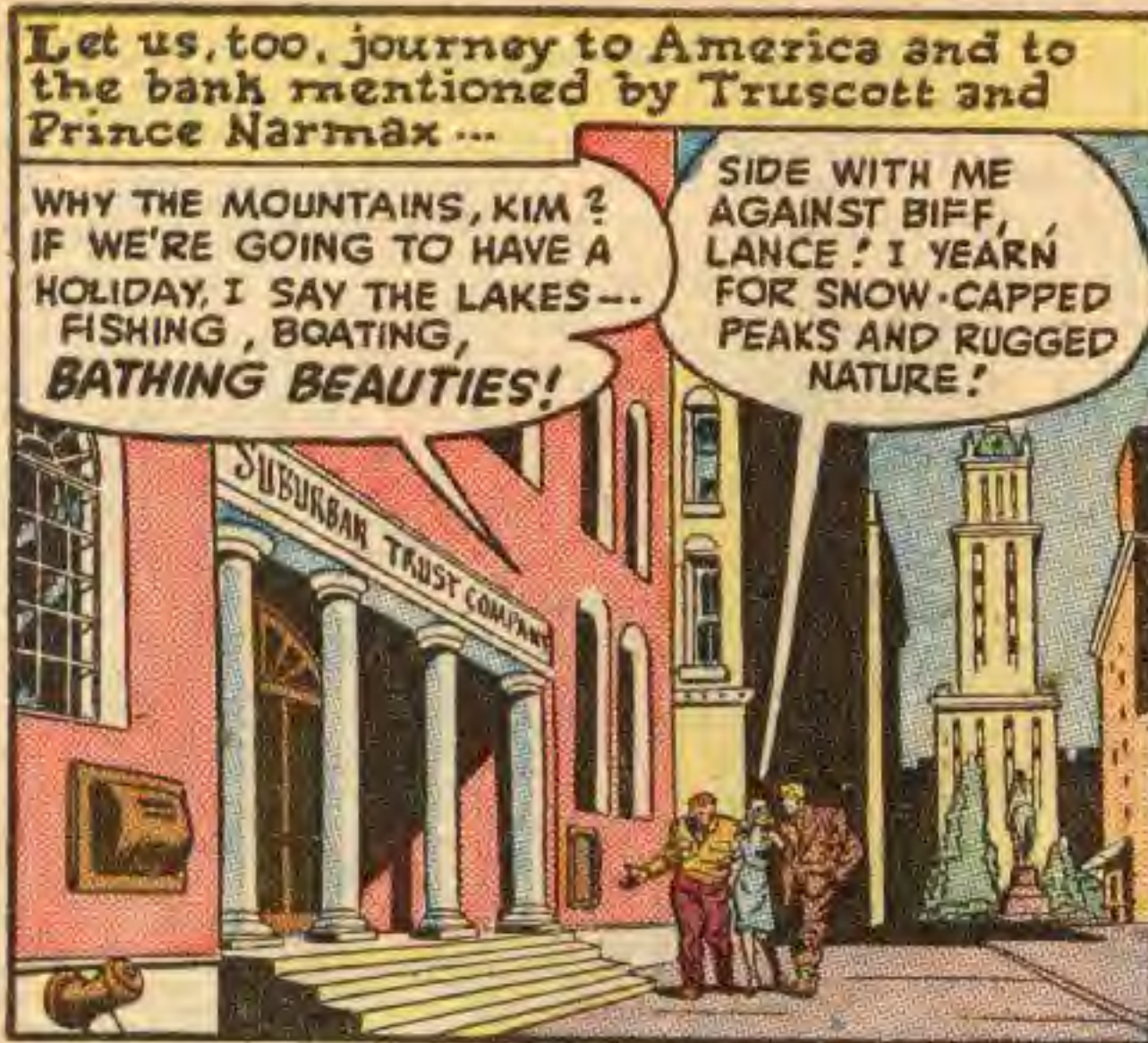


And when Prince Narmax returns to his villa....

YOU ARE HAPPY! ANOTHER KEY HAS BEEN SOLD, NO?

ANOTHER KEY HAS BEEN SOLD, YES, PEDRO! TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS OF FOOLISH MONEY! TOMORROW, PERHAPS I CAN SELL YET ANOTHER!







Bringing his hands together, Lance touches the strange birthmark on his wrist..







Lance makes contact with the police inspector ...

WHAT YOU SAY IS INTERESTIN', Y'KNOW ... BUT WE CAN'T ARREST THE PRINCE WITHOUT REAL EVIDENCE!

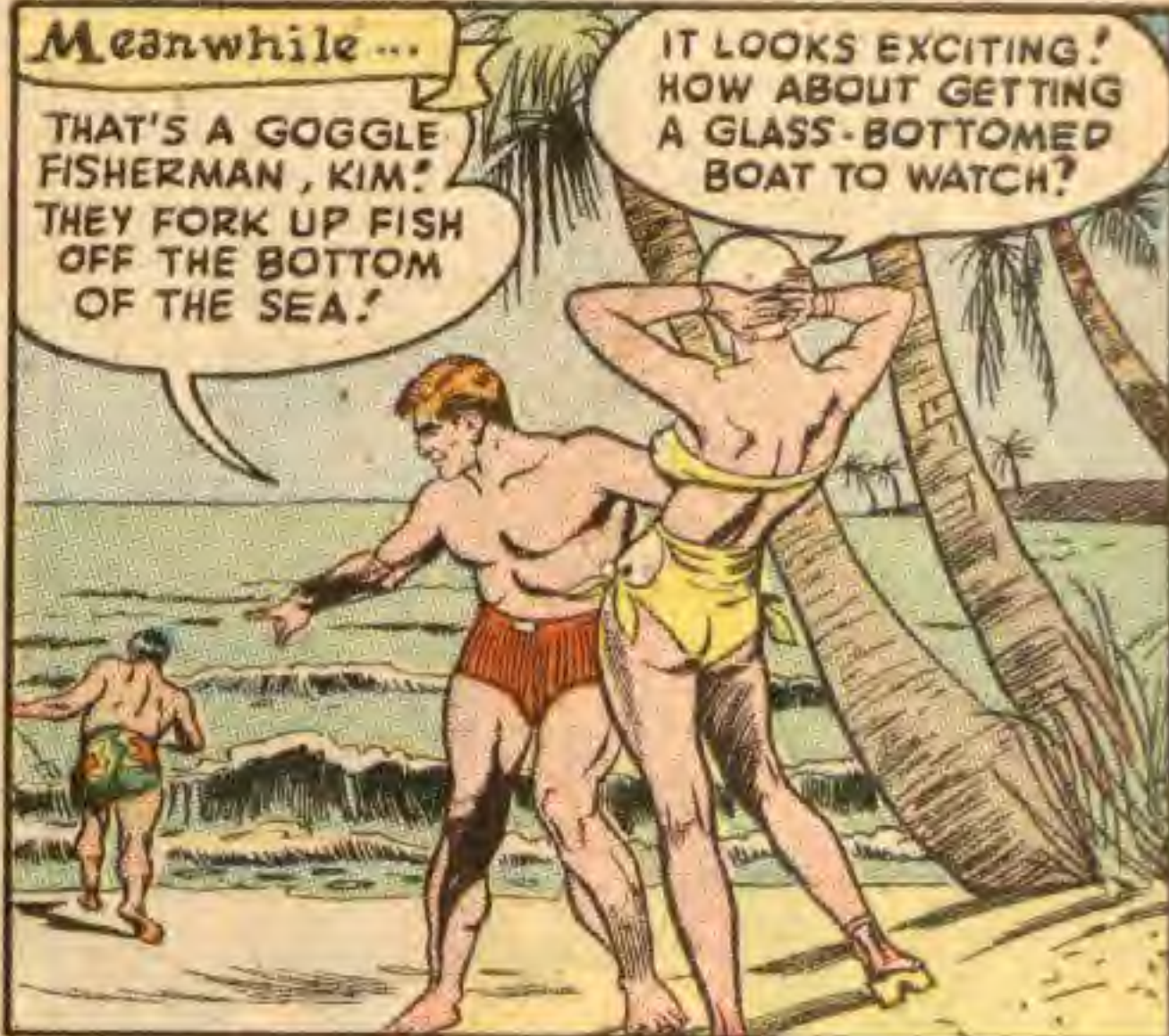
LET'S KEEP OUR EYES OPEN AND GET THE EVIDENCE, INSPECTOR! PROBABLY HE'LL HAVE ONE OF THOSE KEYS UP FOR SALE ANY MOMENT!



Meanwhile ...

THAT'S A GOGGLE FISHERMAN, KIM! THEY FORK UP FISH OFF THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA!

IT LOOKS EXCITING! HOW ABOUT GETTING A GLASS-BOTTOMED BOAT TO WATCH?



I CAN SEE HIM DOWN THERE!

AND THAT PLACE LOOKS LIKE THE PRINCE'S VILLA WE HEARD ABOUT! HE MUST HAVE SOLD MORE THAN A FEW KEYS TO AFFORD THAT!



IT WORKED! AMERICANS ARE ALWAYS CURIOUS! NOW IF PEDRO CARRIES OUT ORDERS ----



HE'S MUDDIED THE BOTTOM! I CAN'T SEE HIM ---

NOW FOR A BRIEF UNPLEASANT ENCOUNTER!



SLEEP, YOU! IS MORE RESTFUL, NO?

HELP!





SIT QUIET, PRETTY LADY, OR PEDRO WILL USE THE SPEAR! WE ARE TO VISIT MY MASTER, PRINCE NARMAX, AT HIS VILLA!



CHECK WITH ME LATER, MR. GALLANT! PERSONALLY, Y'KNOW, I'VE BEEN MORE WORRIED ABOUT A HURRICANE THREAT HERE --- BUT THE STORM SEEMS TO BE BY-PASSING SAINT DUNSTAN! MAYBE THIS THEORY OF YOURS IS A FALSE ALARM, TOO!

LANCE!
LANCE!



Only Lance can hear the spirit of his brother Michael!

I SAW BIFF AND KIM CARRIED OFF BY A BIG GUY! QUICK, RUB THE BIRTHMARK --- GET CAPTAIN TRIUMPH AFTER THEM!



I SAY --- YOU'RE CAPTAIN TRIUMPH!

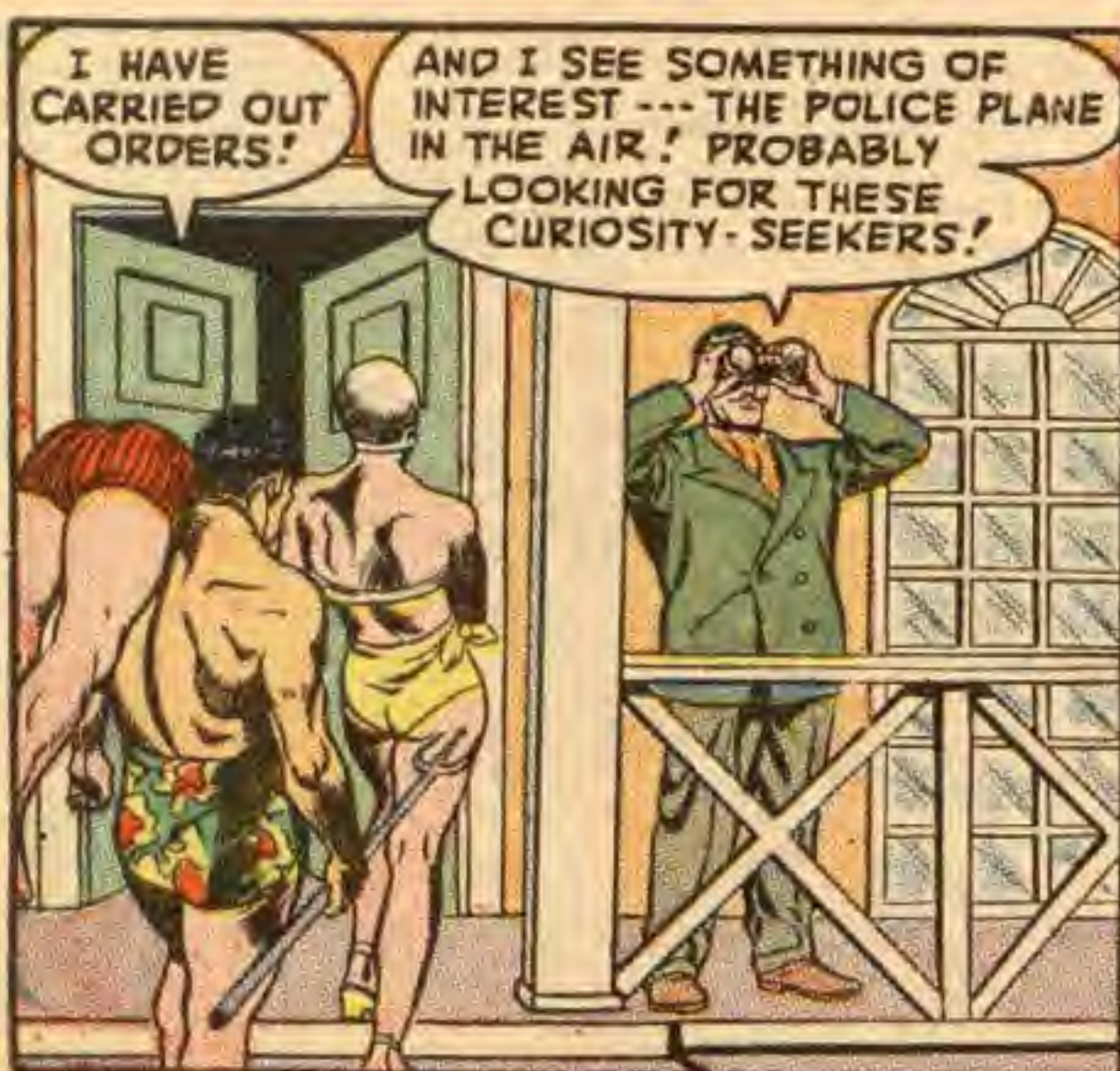
I DIDN'T TAKE THAT AMERICAN CHAP SERIOUSLY, BUT IF YOU'RE INTERESTED IN THIS CASE ---

I'VE JUST FOUND THAT TWO PEOPLE HAVE BEEN KIDNAPPED! THEY'RE IN DIRE DANGER! QUICK, HELP ME SAVE THEM!



THIS IS THE POLICE PLANE! WE'LL TAKE A BIT OF A TURN OVER THE HARBOR AND SEE IF WE CAN SPOT YOUR FRIENDS!

TURN HER OVER AND LET'S GO!



I HAVE CARRIED OUT ORDERS!

AND I SEE SOMETHING OF INTEREST --- THE POLICE PLANE IN THE AIR! PROBABLY LOOKING FOR THESE CURIOSITY-SEEKERS!



BUT LONG AGO I PREPARED FOR ANY TROUBLE FROM THAT QUARTER! YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN, PEDRO!

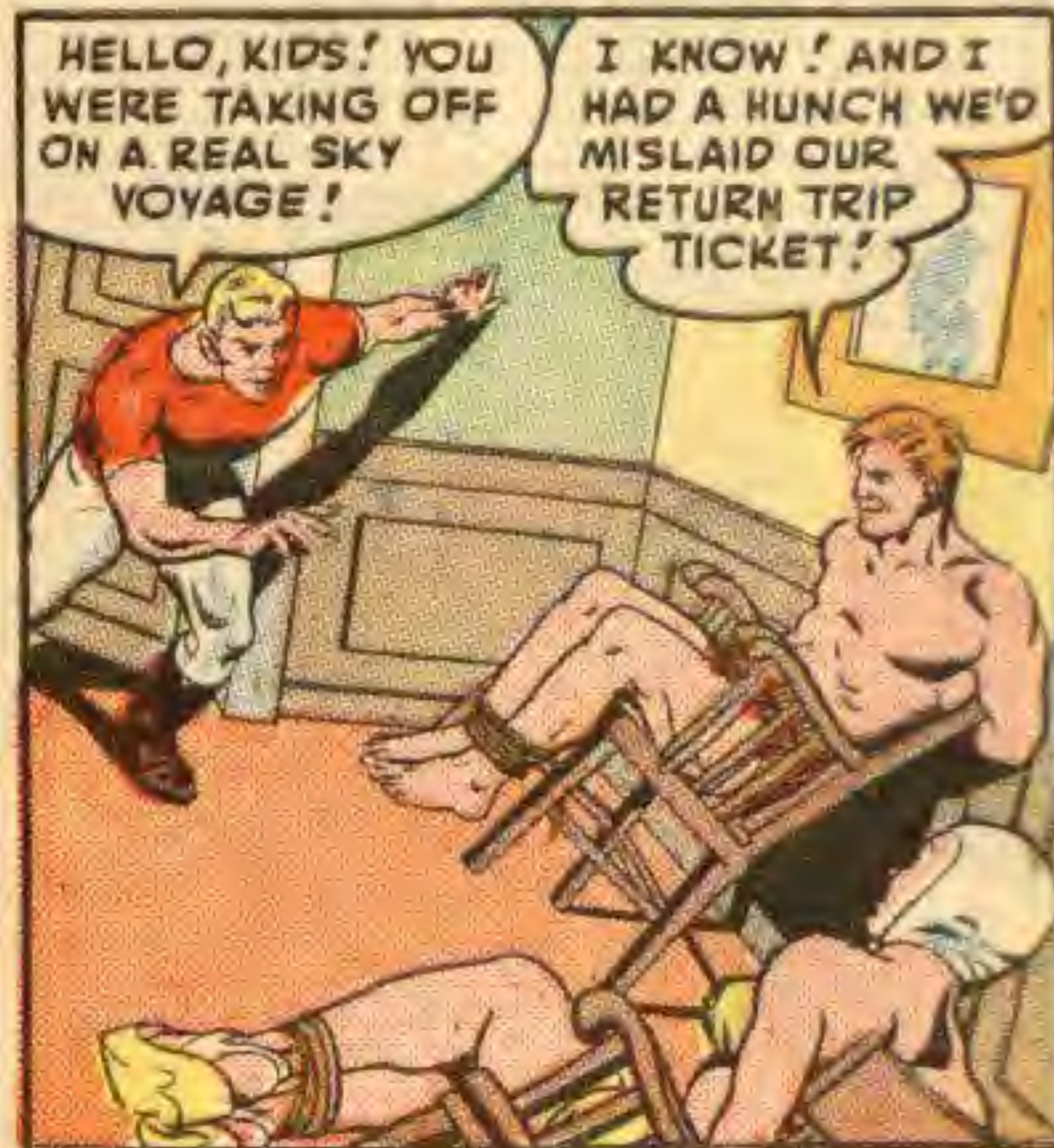
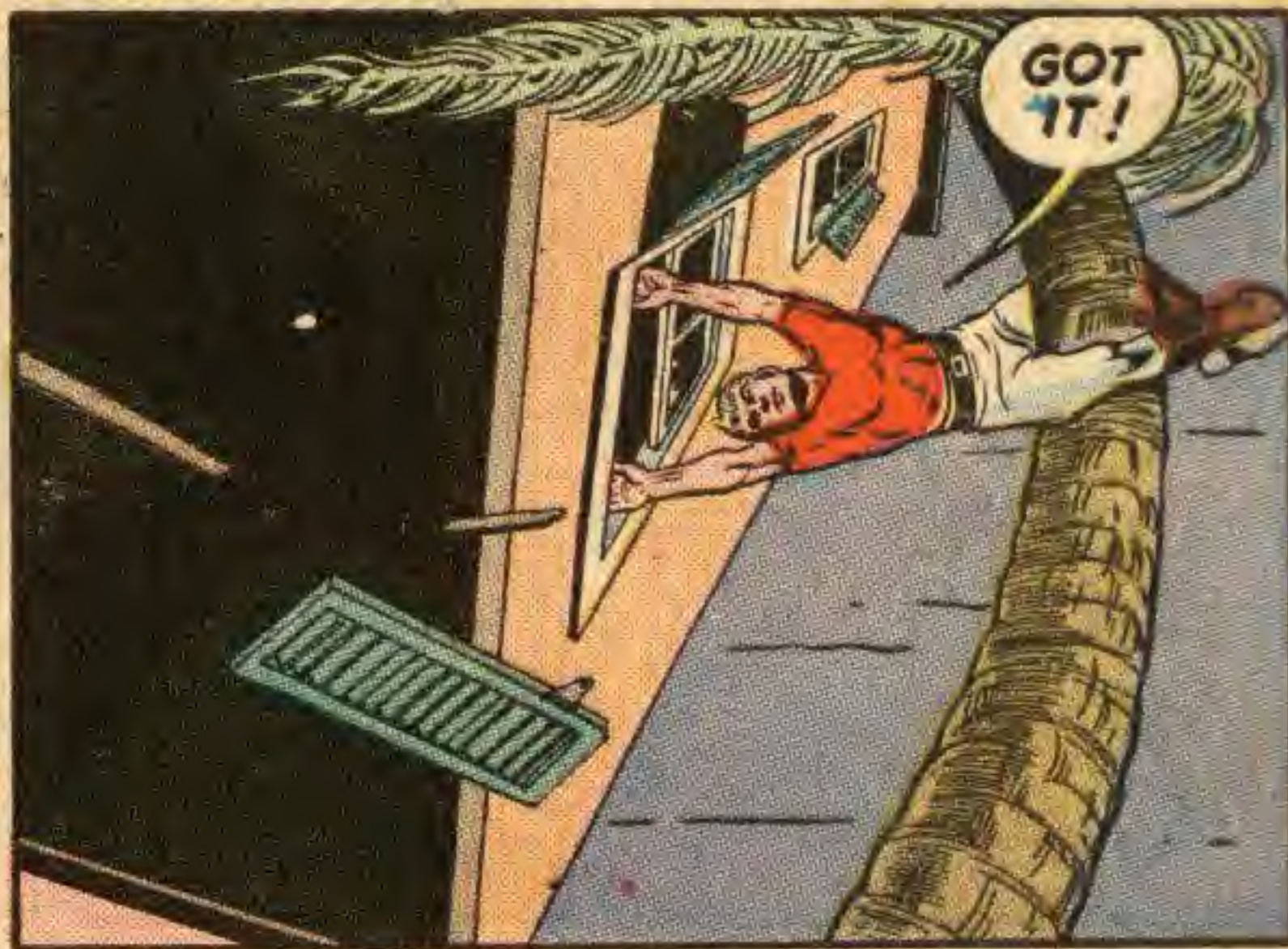
I KNOW WELL! THE RADIO ATTACHMENT SMUGGLED INTO THE PLANE CONTROLS --- IT CAN BE WRECKED FROM YOUR MASTER SET HERE AT THE VILLA!

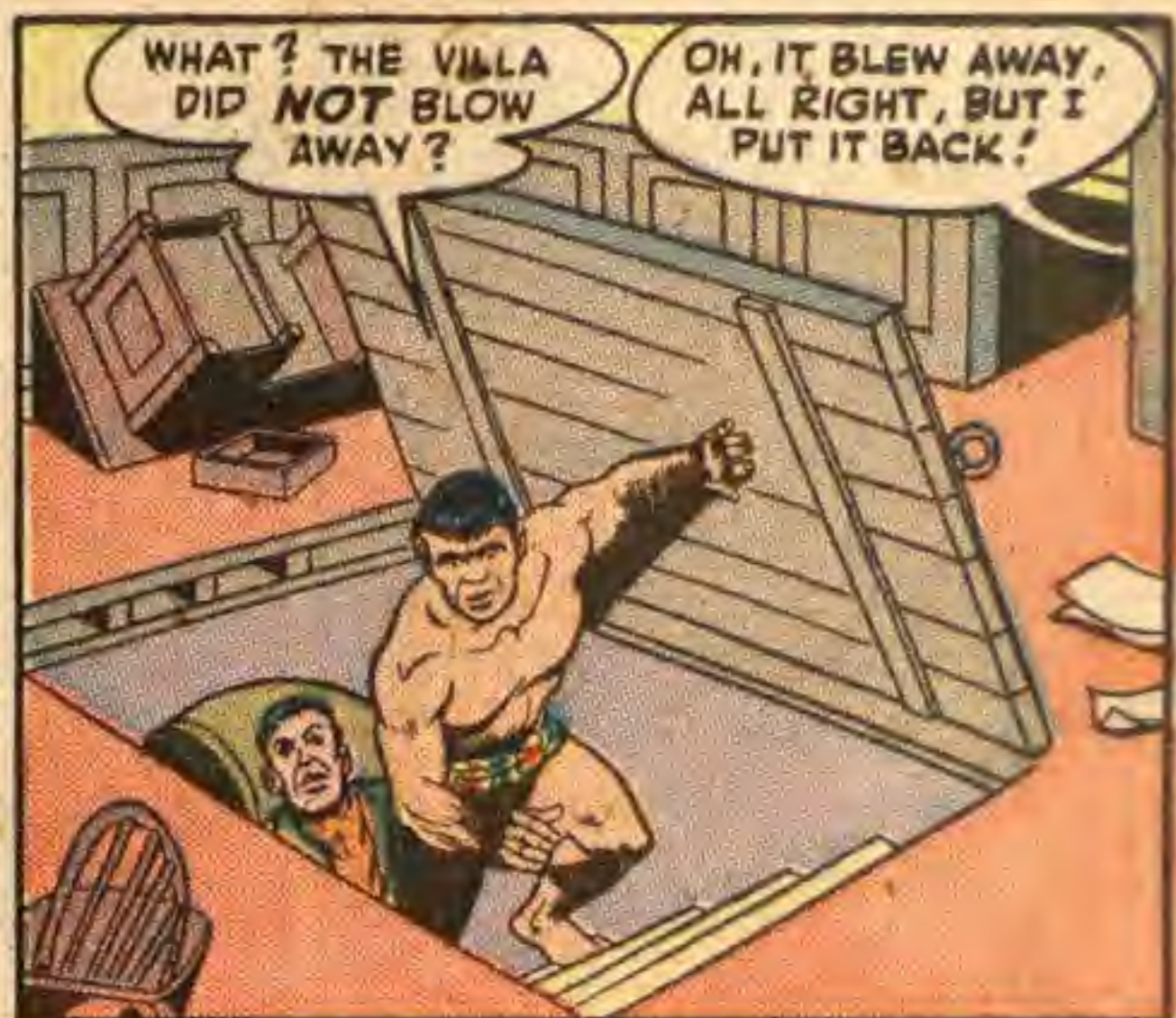


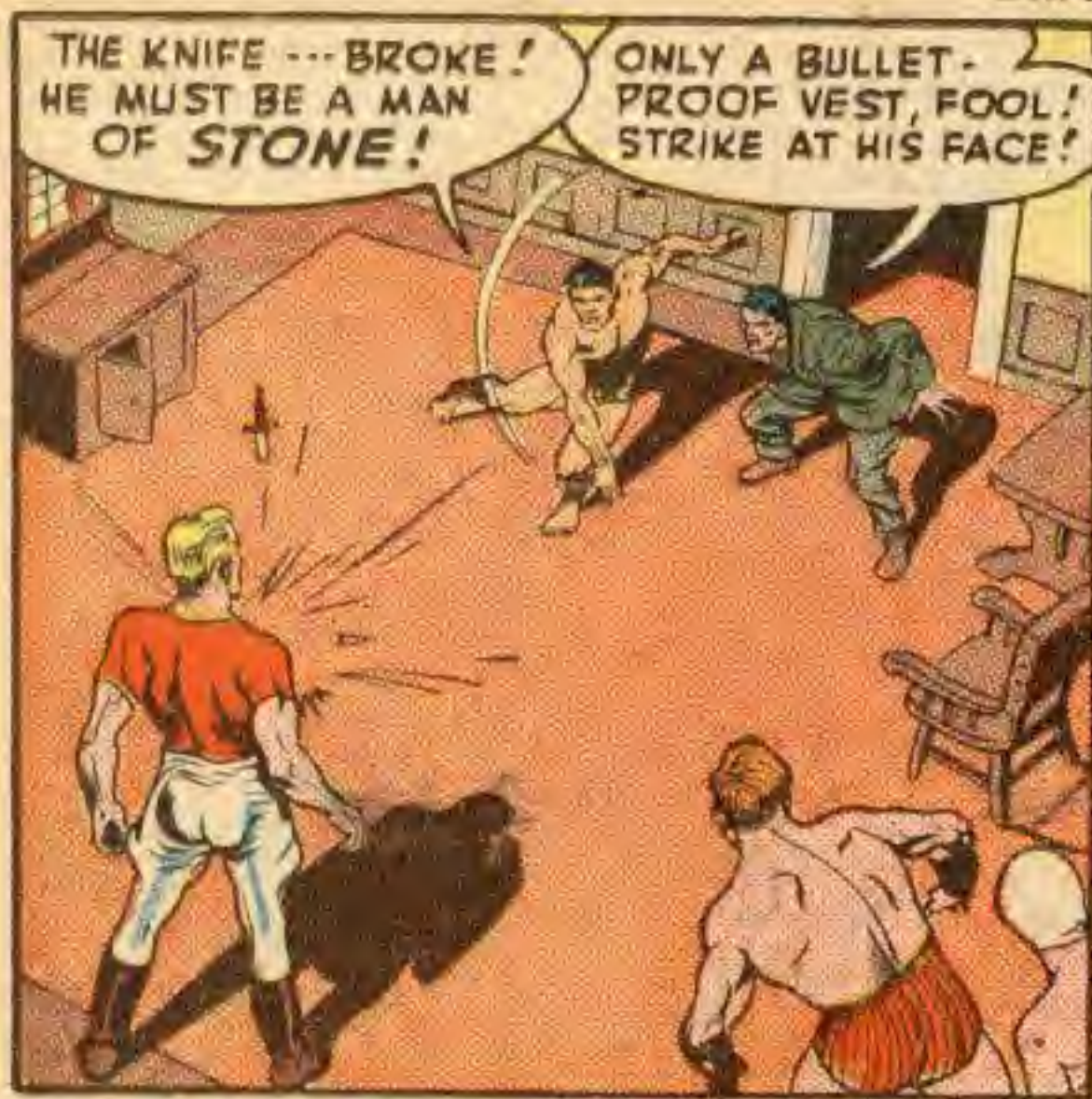
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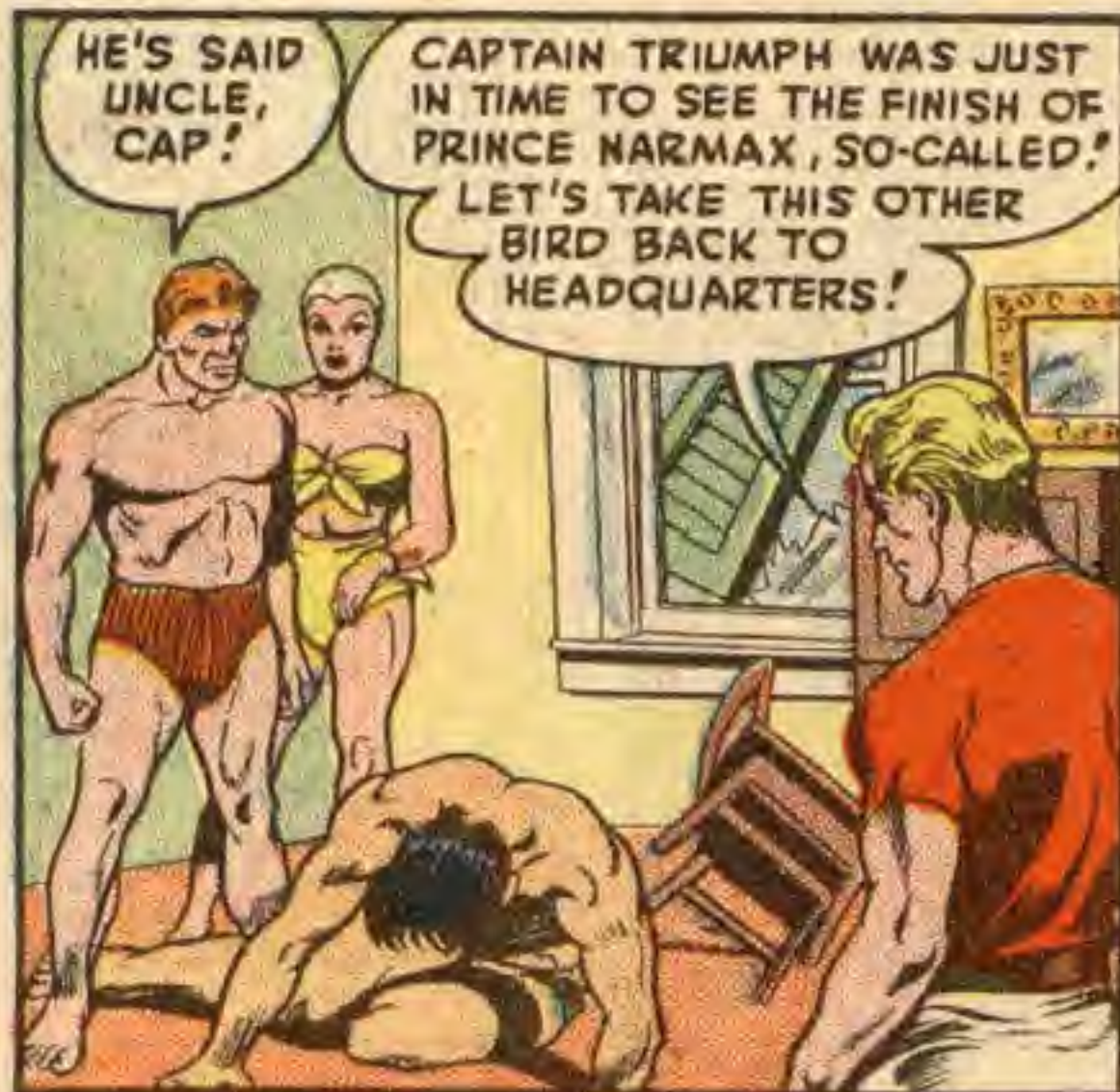




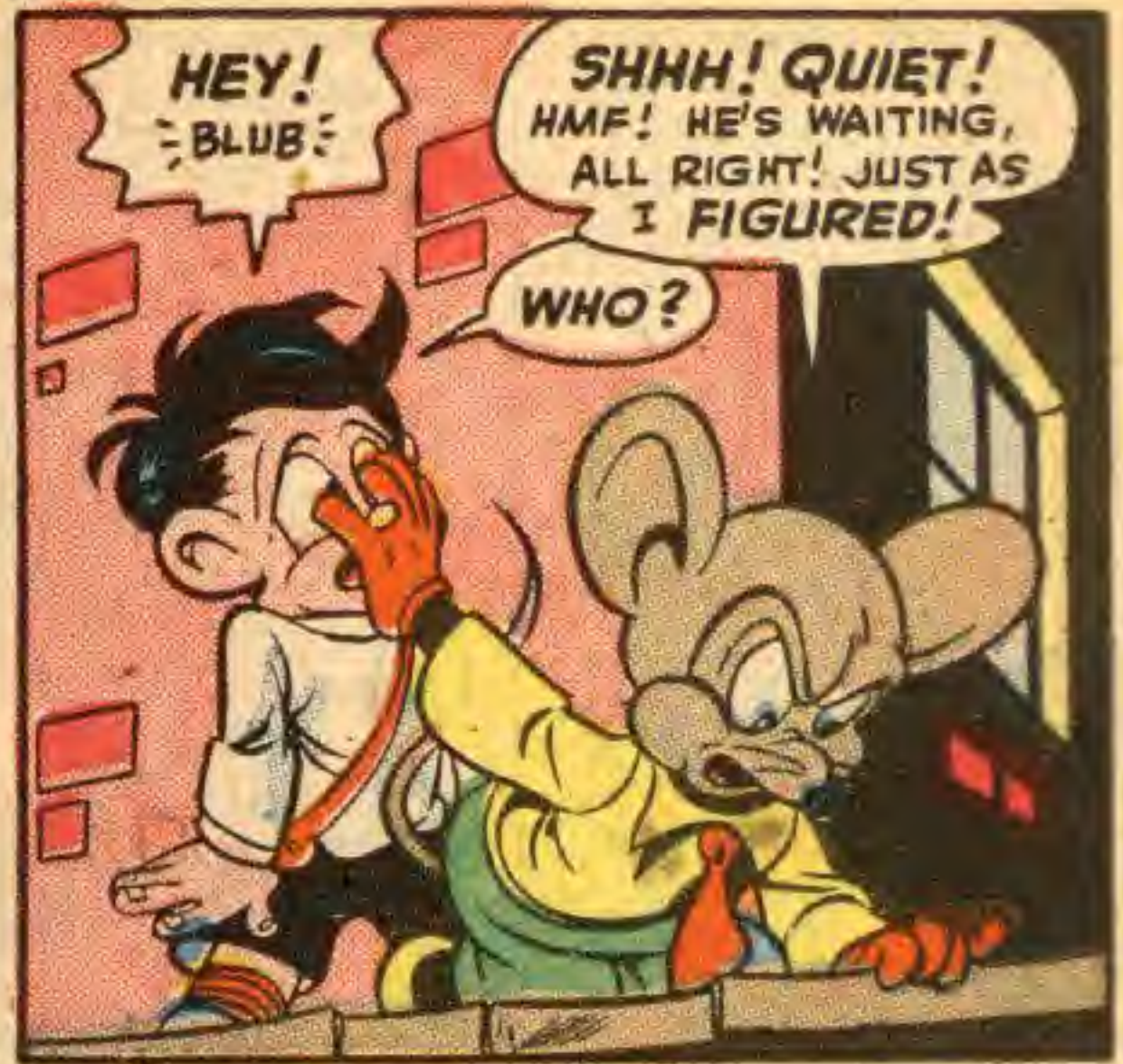




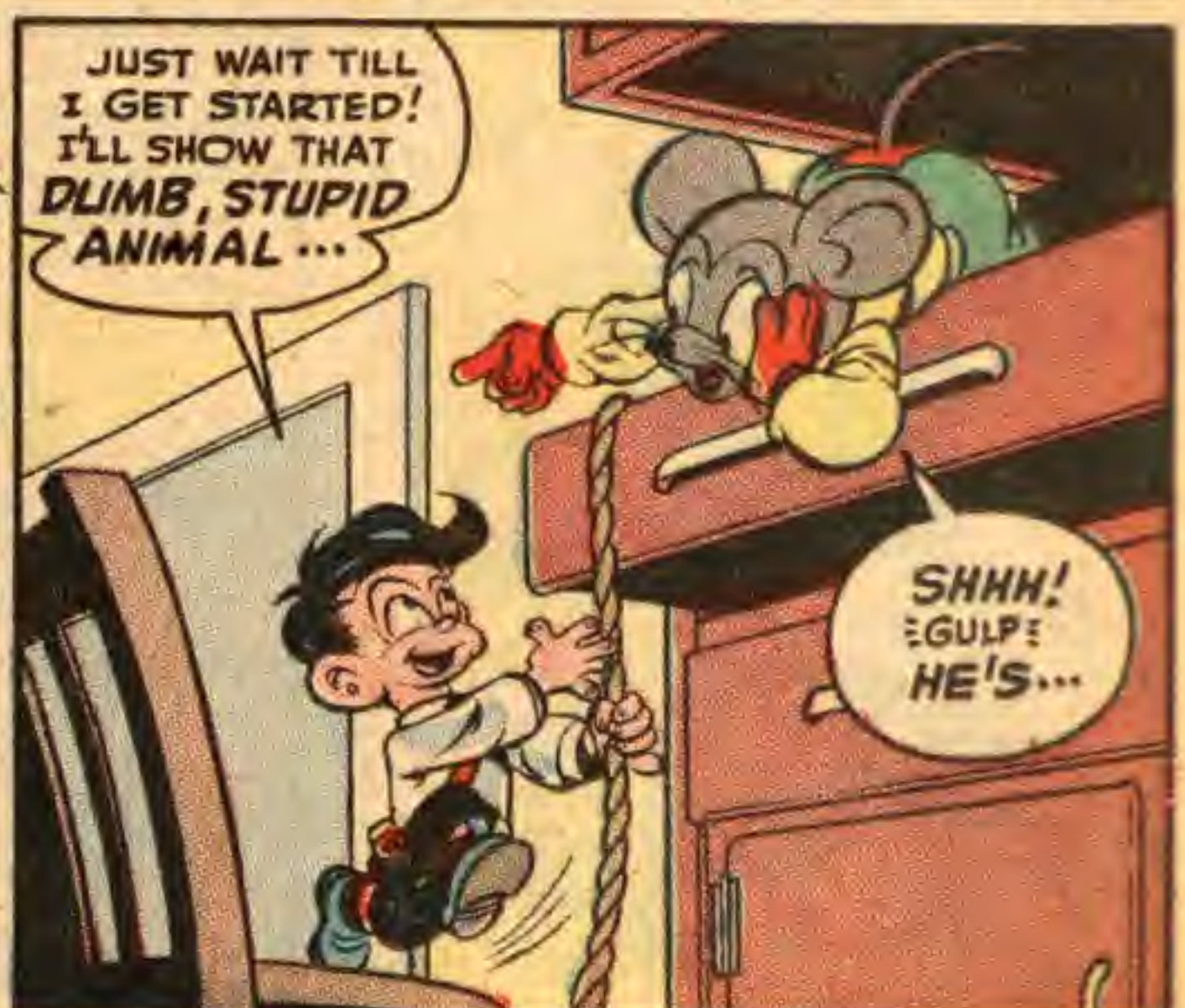


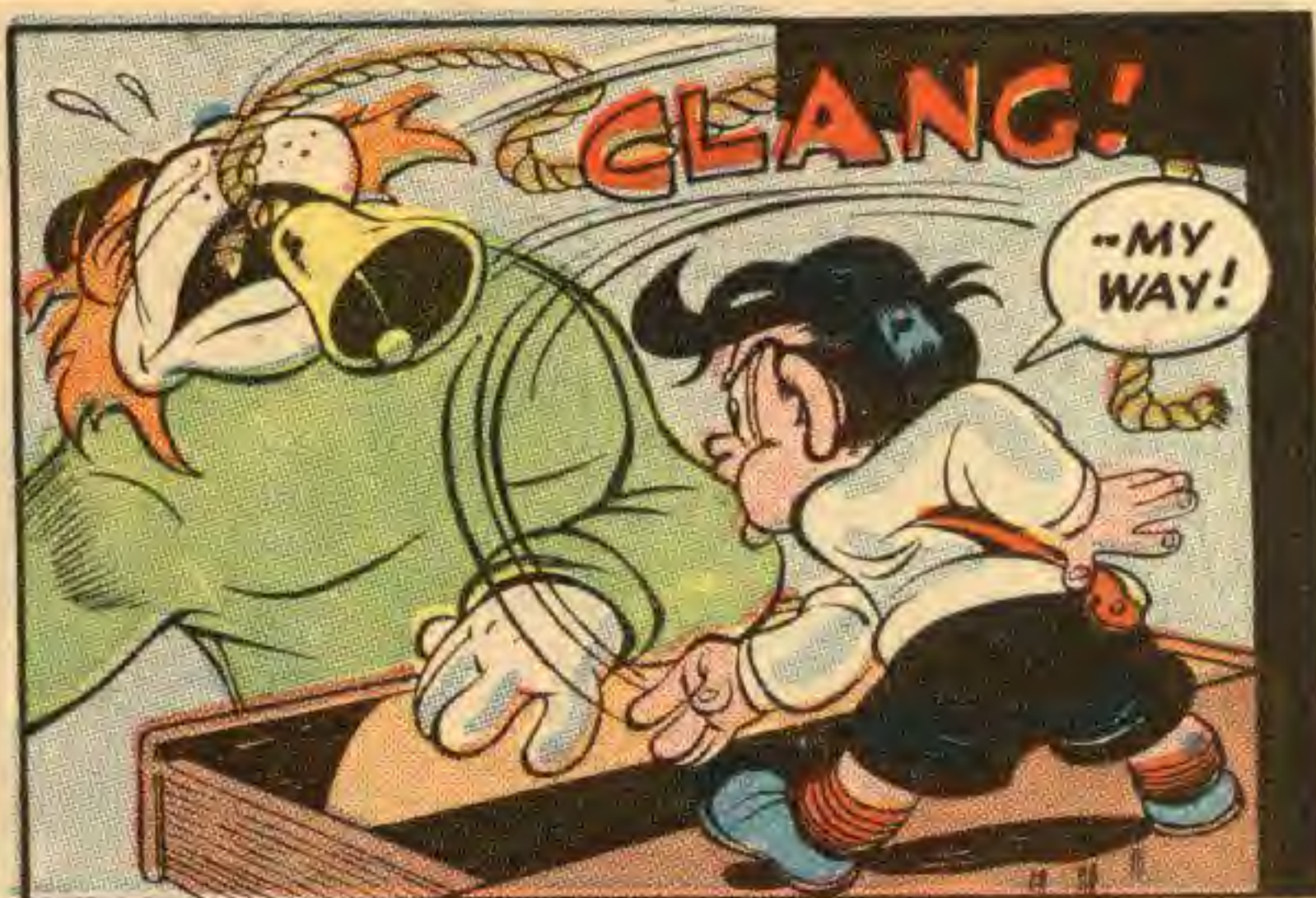


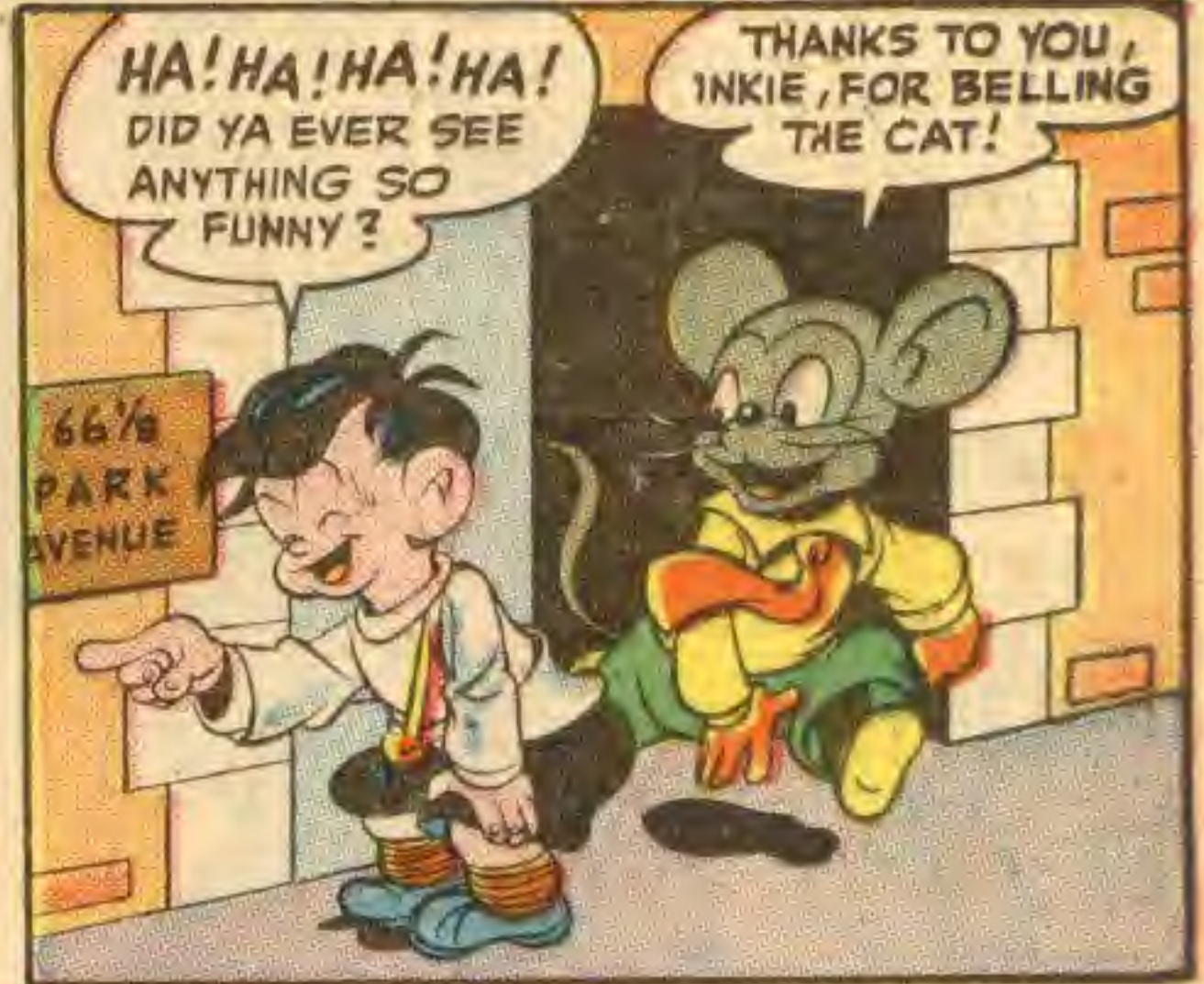
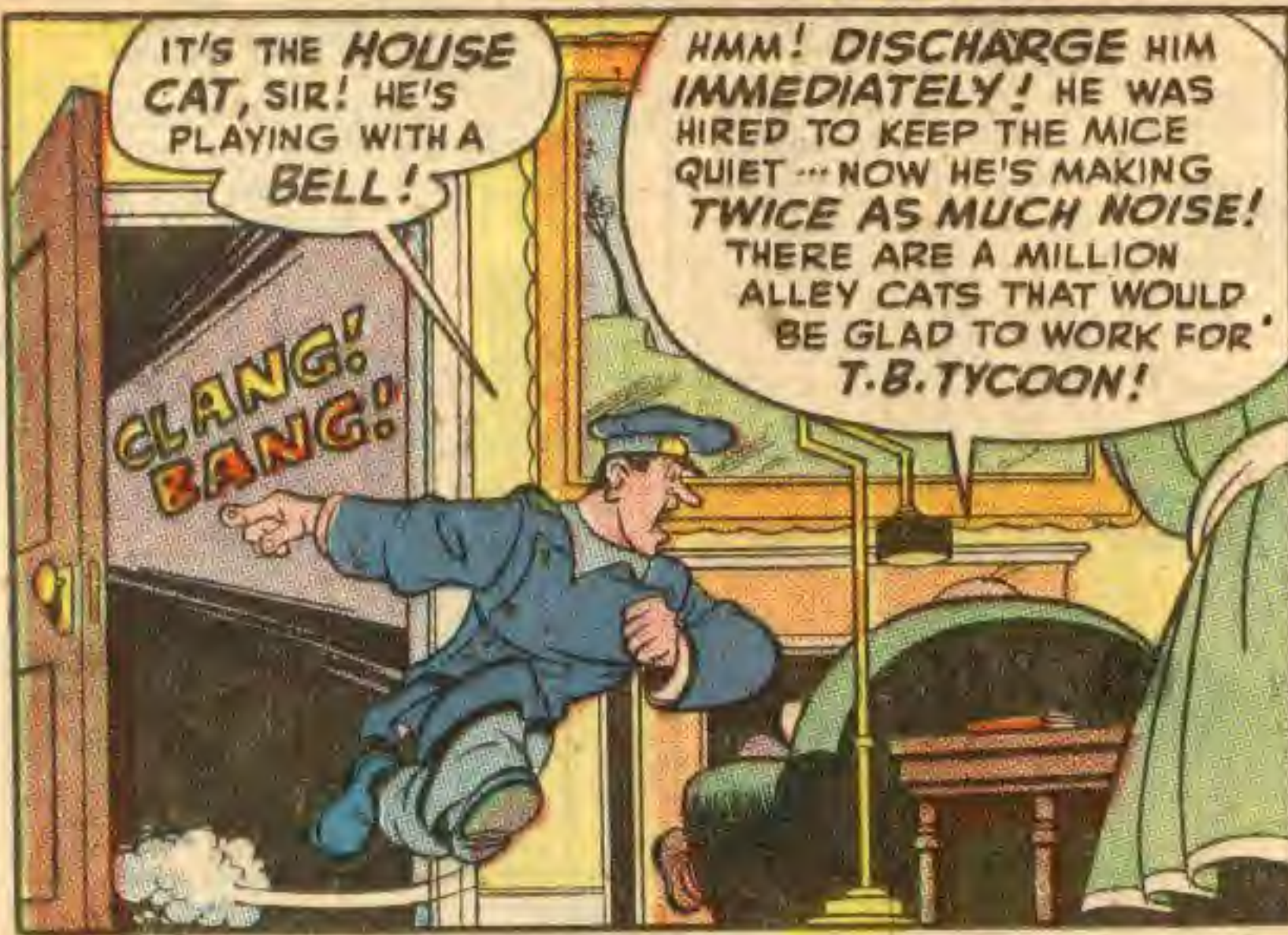








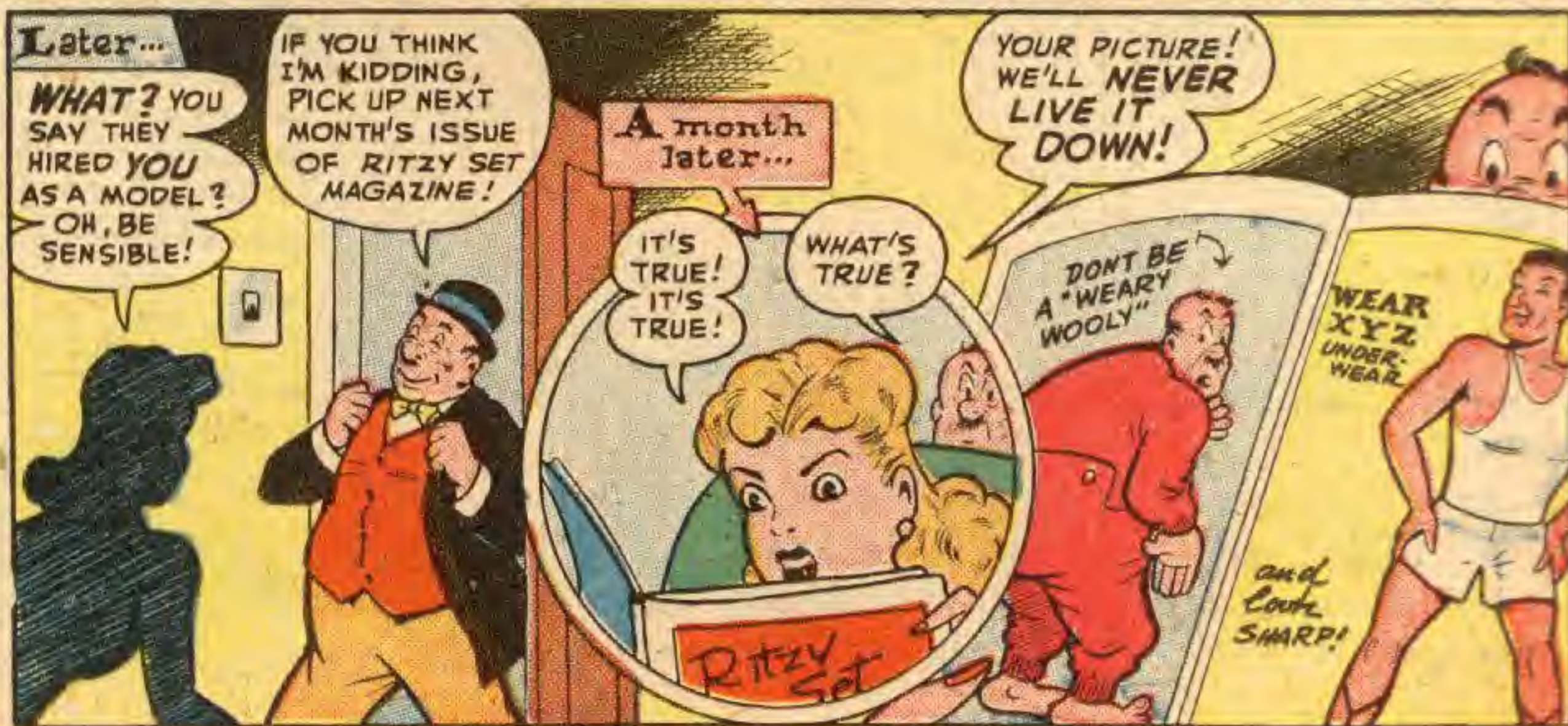
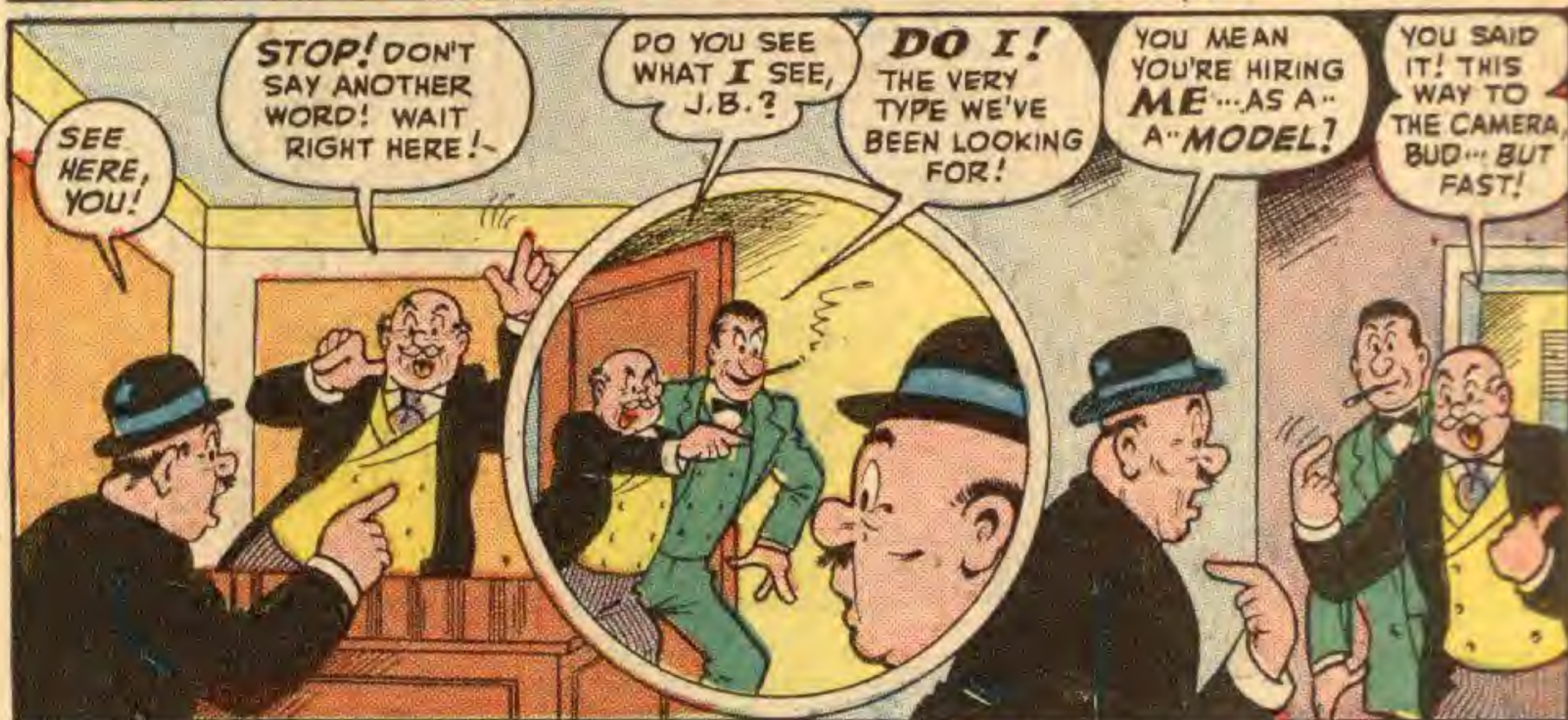




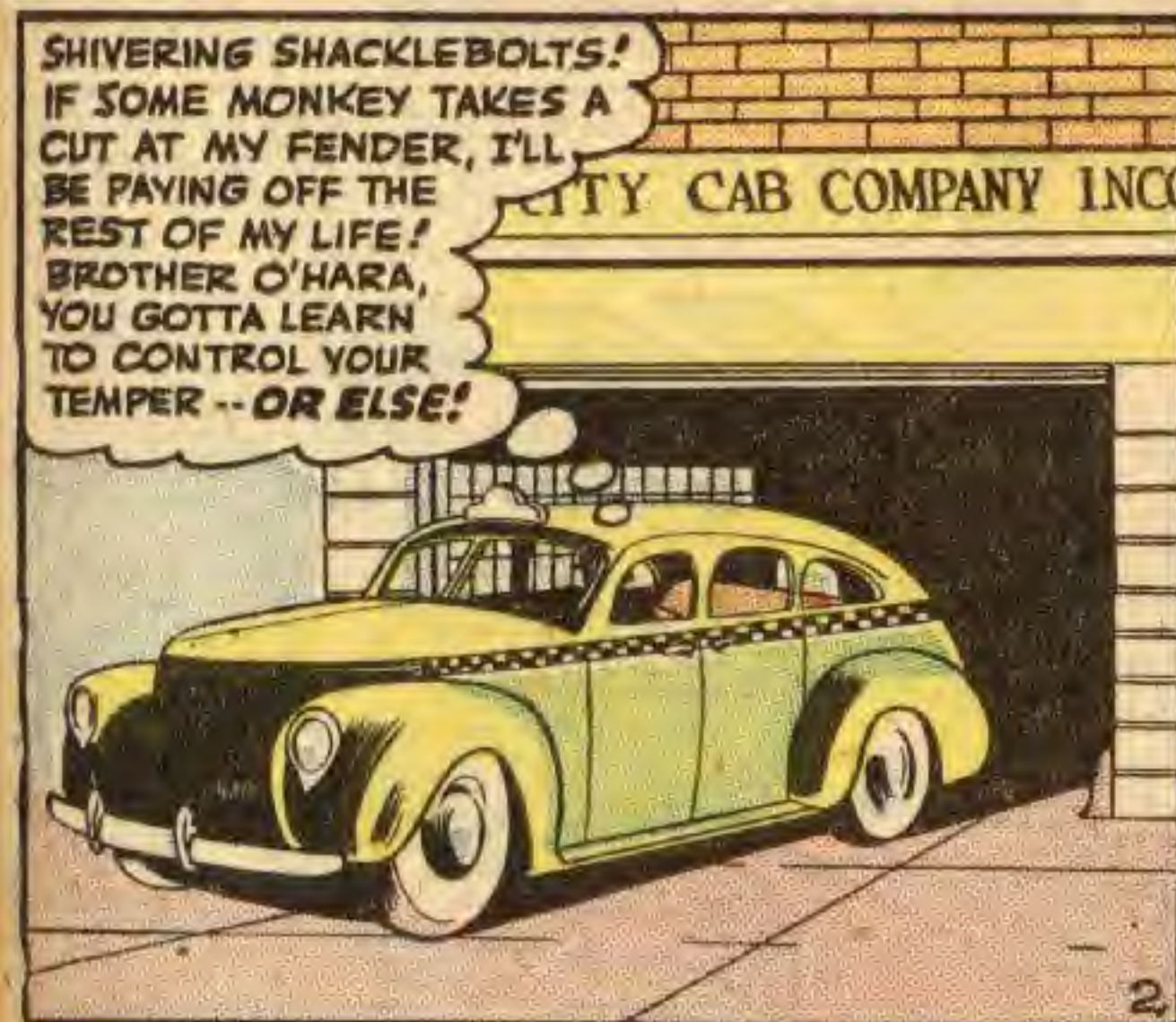
MOLLY the MODEL



MOLLY the MODEL







CRACK COMICS

IT'S THAT DIRTY BICK BRONSON TRYING TO BEAT ME TO THE HACK STAND! I WARNED HIM! I'LL SMACK HIM INTO SCRAP IRON! I'LL MANGLE HIS FENDERS! I'LL BUMP HIM SO HARD HE SWALLOWS HIS TEETH! THAT -- OH-OH!



CONTROL YOURSELF, O'HARA! ON SECOND THOUGHT, THAT ISN'T A VERY GOOD HACK STAND ANYHOW! HEH-HEH!



CONGRATULATIONS, GUG! I MR. BRONSON! YOU WIN THE STAND FOR TODAY! T'INK I OUGHTA SEE A DOCTOR! I'M HAVING HEY-LUCY-NATIONS!



At that moment, not far away...

IT'S SURE GOOD TO HAVE YOU OUTA STIR AGAIN, SLUG! WHAT'S THE FIRST JOB WE'RE GONNA PULL FOR CELEBRATION?



SOME PLEASANT BUSINESS, WILLIE! I'M PAYING BACK THAT SMART HACK O'HARA FOR TESTIFYING AGAINST ME AT THE TRIAL!



WELL, GEE, BOSS-- O'HARA'S BAD MEDICINE!



HE'LL BE SPILLED MEDICINE WHEN I GET THROUGH WITH HIM! LET'S GO DOWN TO THE CAB STAND AT THE CORNER! HE OFTEN HACKS FROM THERE!



YOU STAND BACK WHEN WE MEET HIM! I'LL PICK A FIGHT WITH HIM! WHEN HE SWINGS AT ME, I'LL SLAP HIM IN THE FACE WITH THIS NEWSPAPER!



HUH? YOU SURE YOU FEEL OKAY, BOSS? THAT WON'T HURT A HARD GUY LIKE HACK O'HARA!



OH, NO? WITH TEN INCHES OF LEAD PIPE ROLLED INSIDE, IT'LL KNOCK HIS TEETH CLEAR OUT THE BACK OF HIS DUMB SKULL! C'MON!







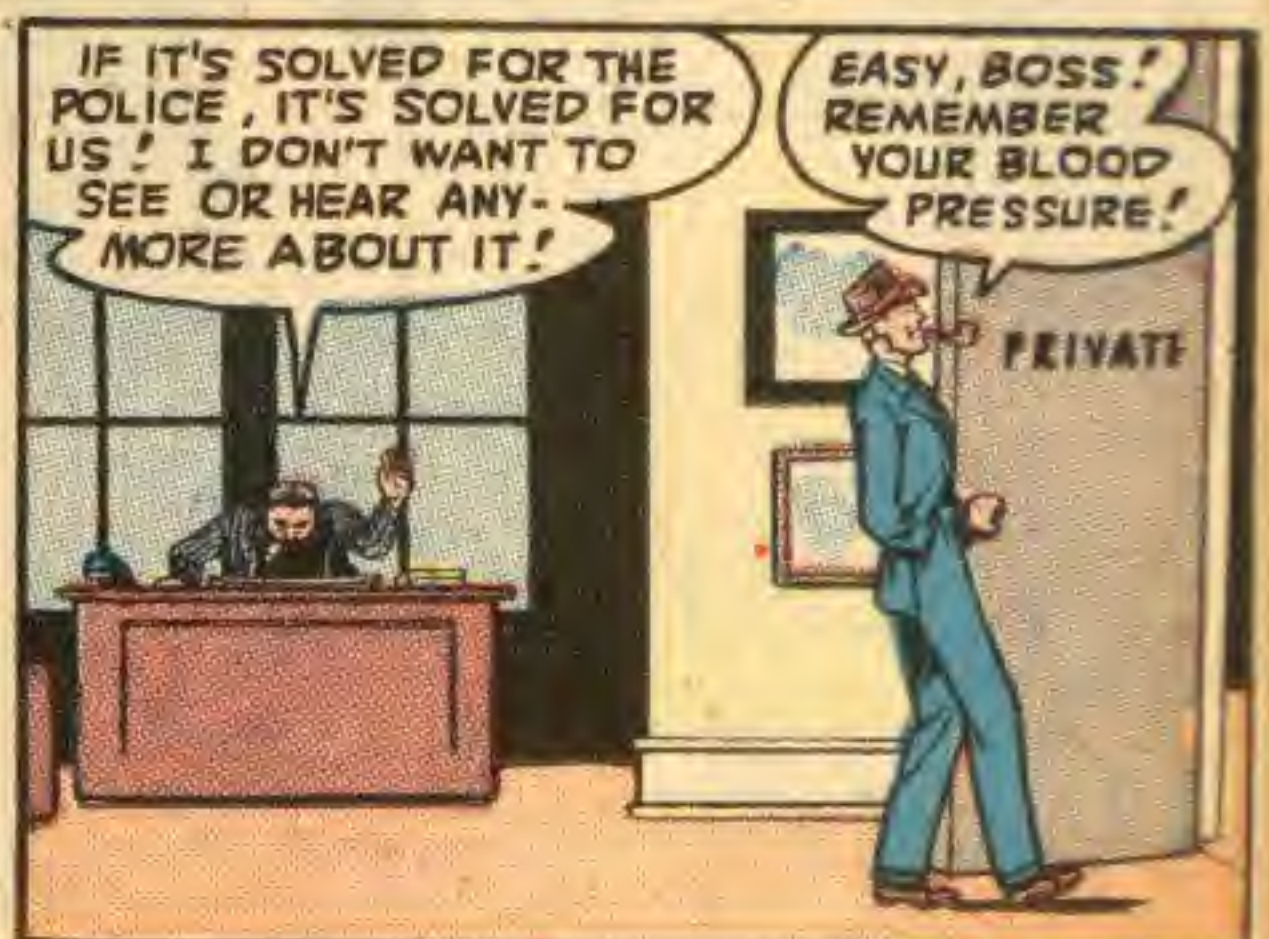
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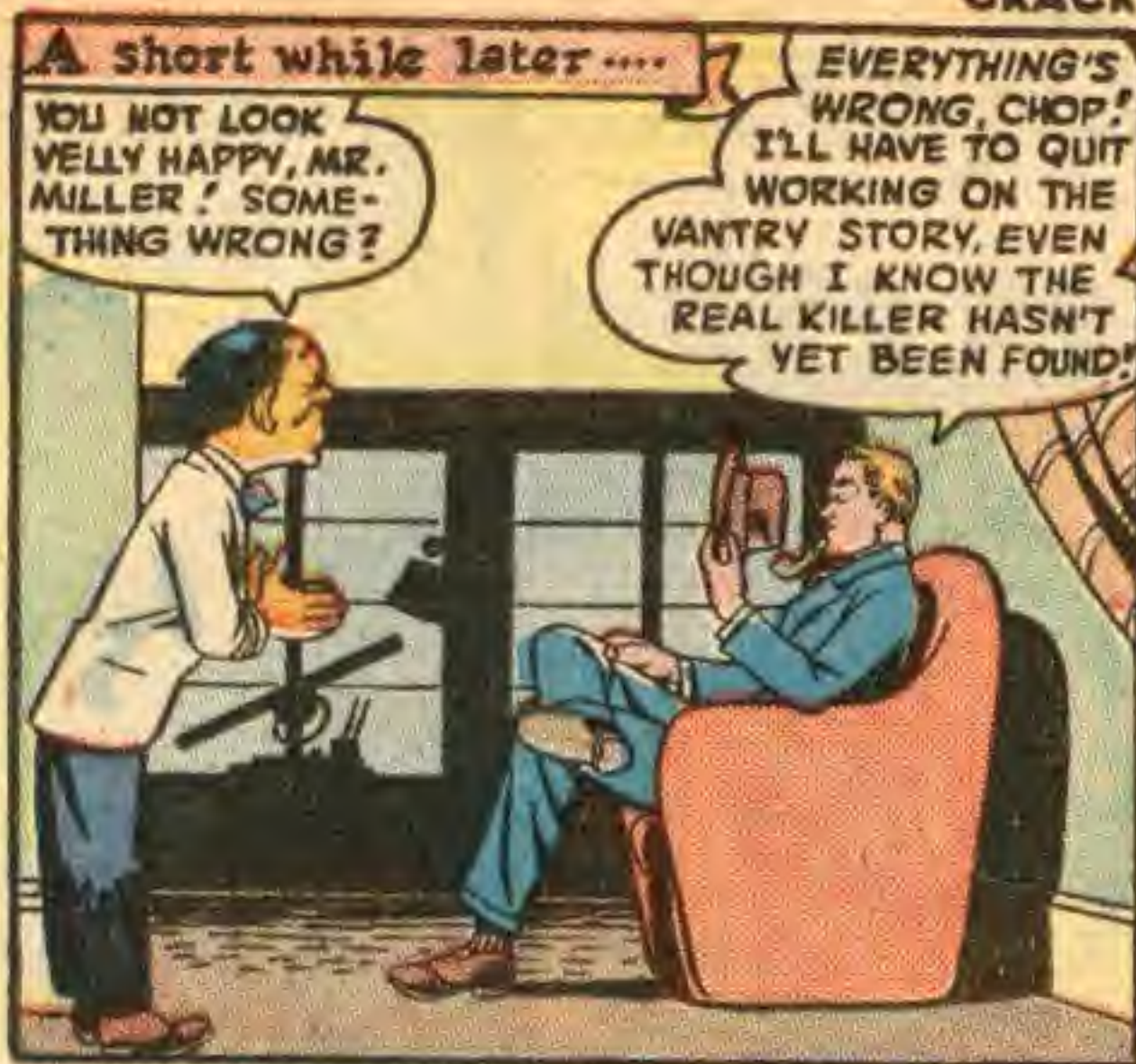
Pen Miller



R Real life adventures supply the stories for the strips of Pen Miller, cartoonist-detective!

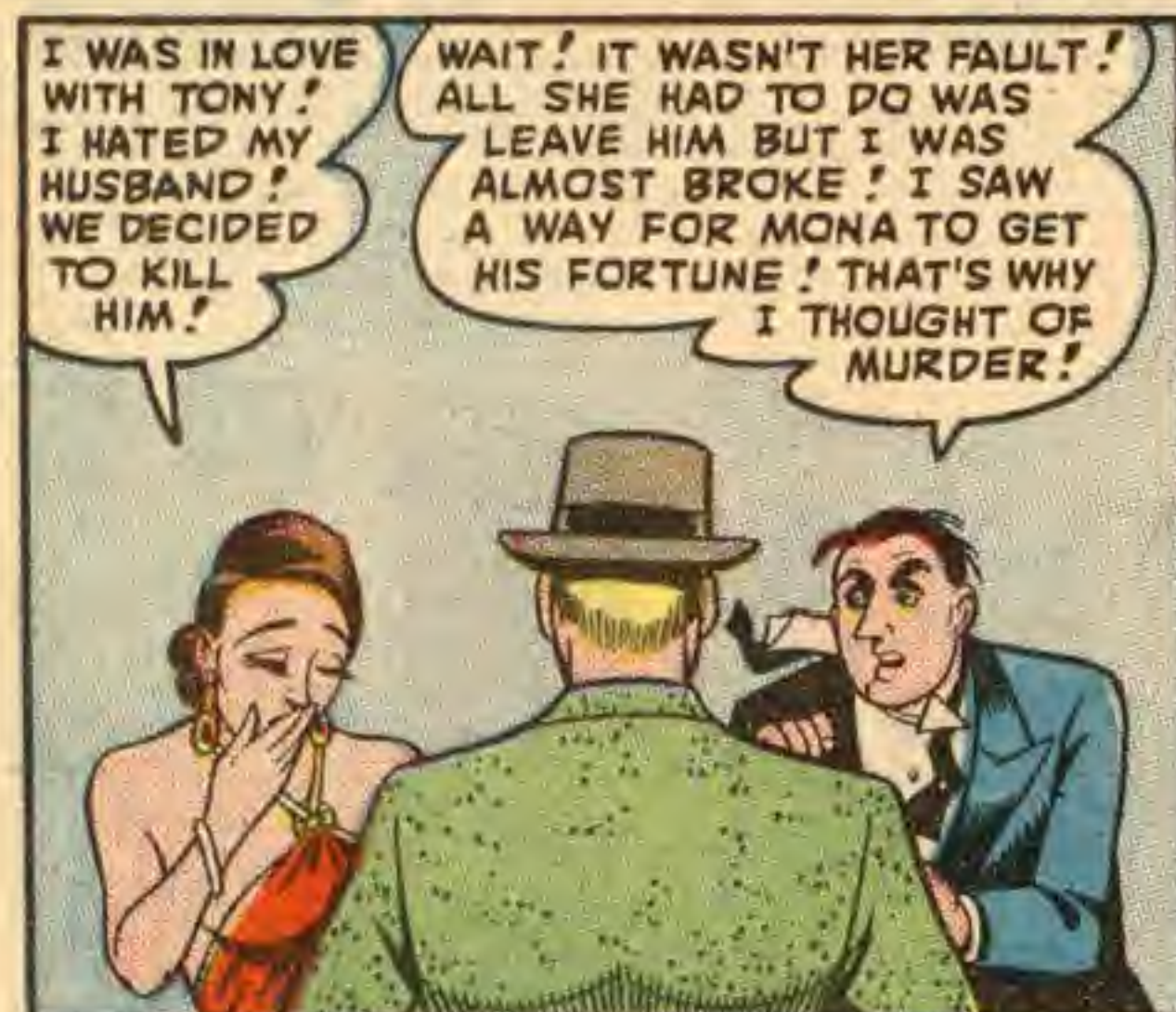


CRACK COMICS









FLOOGY *the* FIJI





FUZZY SAYS, IF I FOLLOW THIS ROUTINE, I'LL BE SPEEDY, TOO.... BUT IT SOUNDS LIKE SLOW DEATH TO ME!



YIPPEE! PIE! LEMON MERINGUE?

THAT'S RIGHT... FOR DINNER TONIGHT!



That night

I'M READY FOR MY DESSERT, PLEASE!

A-AH! NO PIE! TOO STARCHY!



Next day...

OH! AW... OUCH! THIS HURTS!

NEVER MIND! THIS IS THE LATEST THING IN REDUCING EXERCISES!

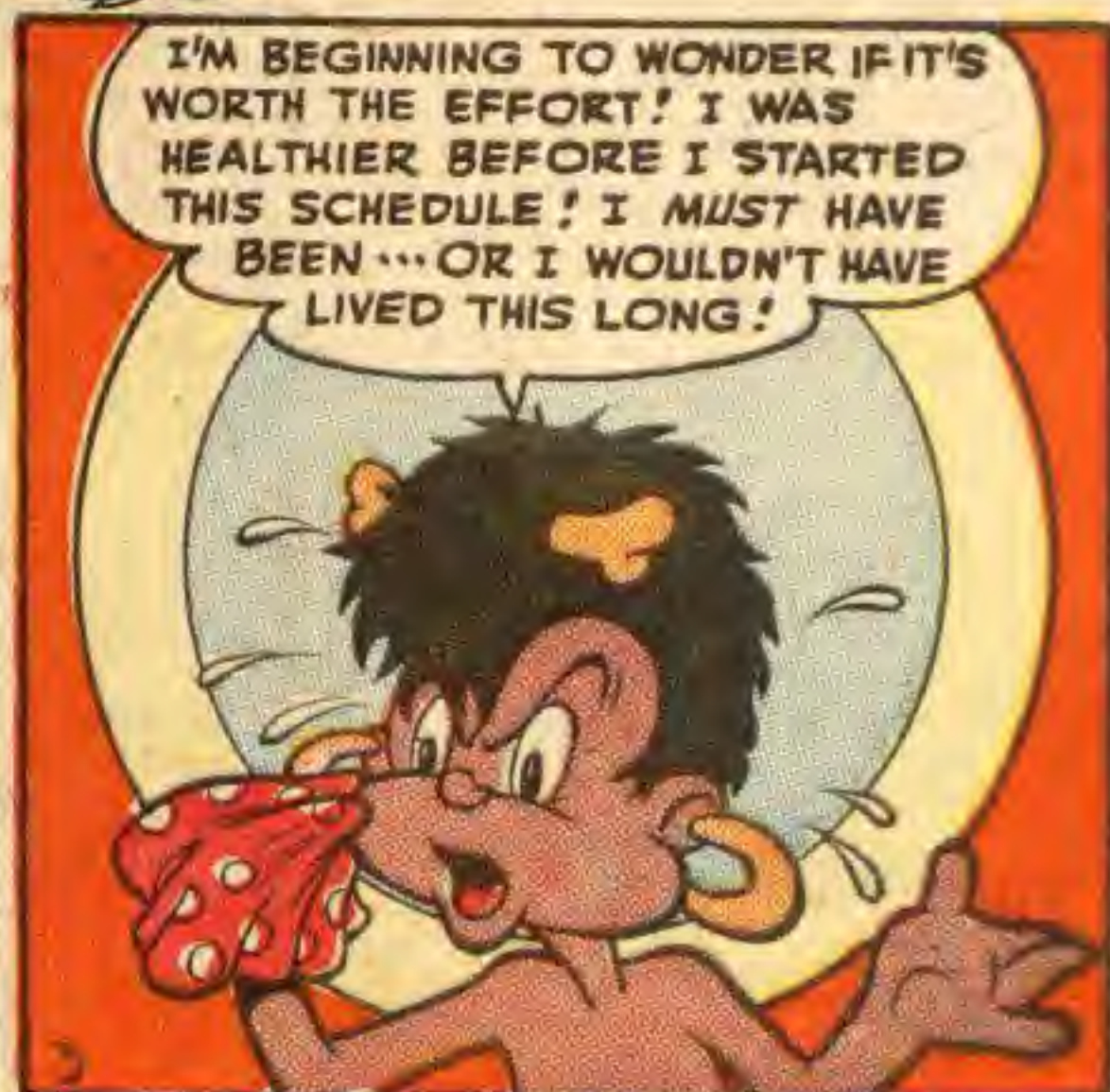


A week later...

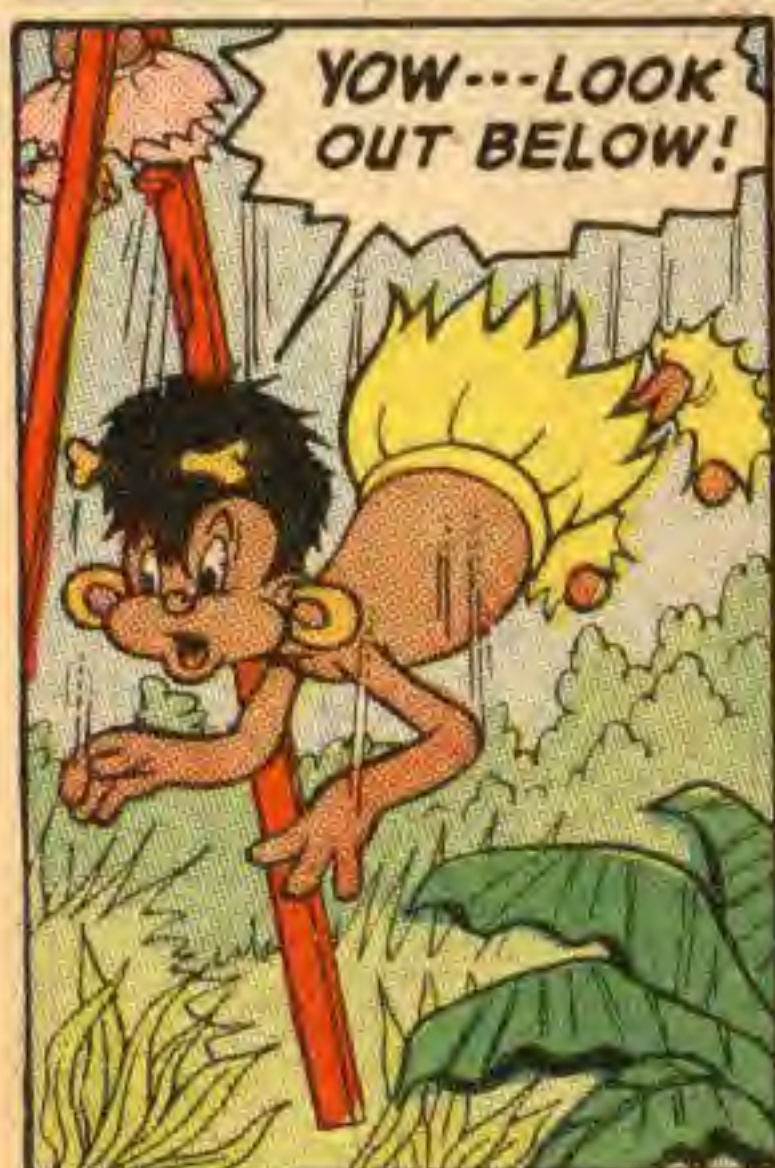
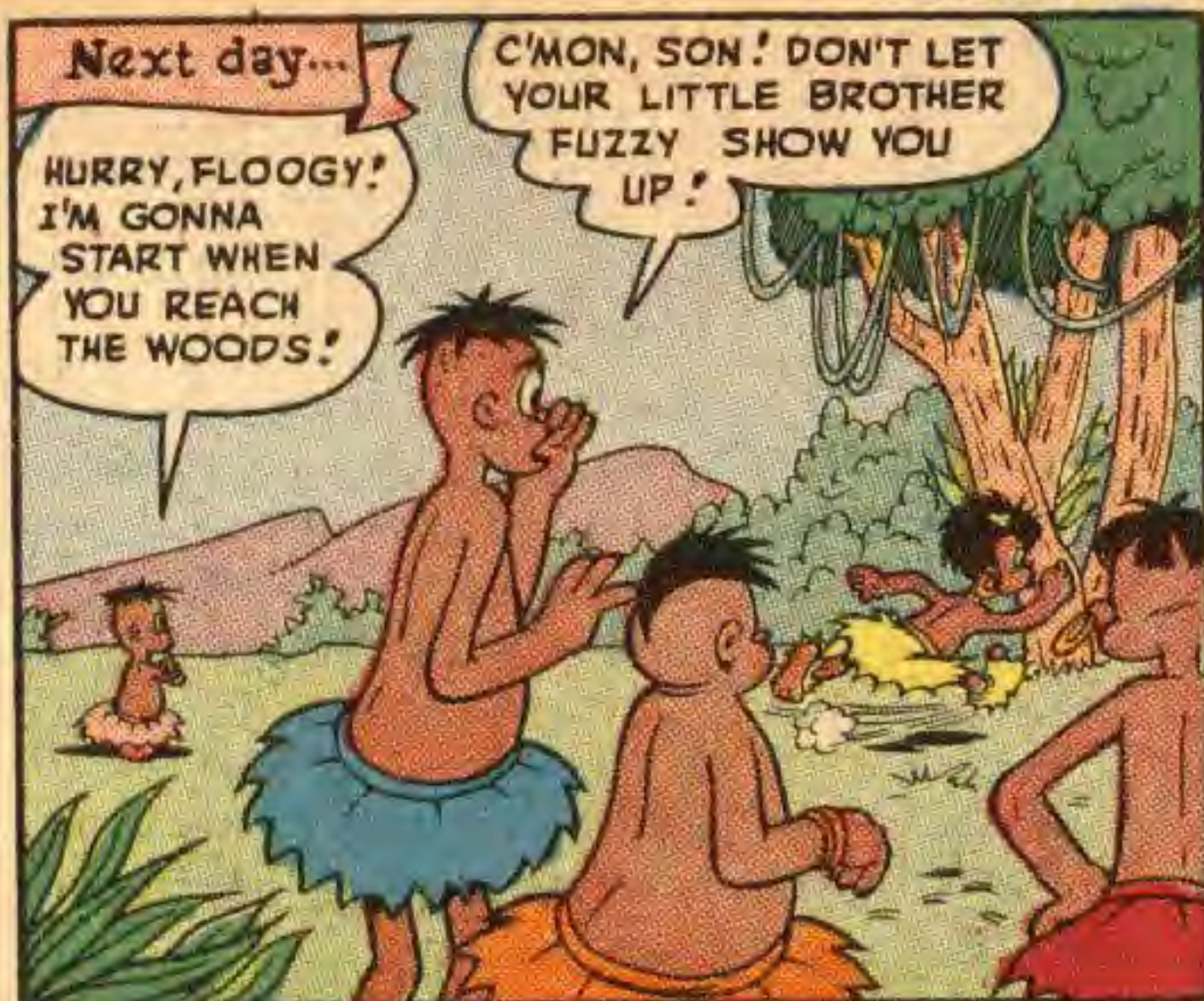
IT'S UNCANNY! NO ONE EVER ACTUALLY SEES MY SON FUZZY RUN, BUT IF YOU SEND HIM ON AN ERRAND, HE'S BACK WITH THE GOODS BEFORE HE'S HAD TIME TO GET THERE!



I'M BEGINNING TO WONDER IF IT'S WORTH THE EFFORT! I WAS HEALTHIER BEFORE I STARTED THIS SCHEDULE! I MUST HAVE BEEN... OR I WOULDN'T HAVE LIVED THIS LONG!







GOODBYE, DEATH

"So Vale runs into a mess!"

Eric Vale wasn't talking to anybody. He was only mumbling to himself. He looked through the windscreen at the stilled prop, and felt the plane lurch as a thermal shook it.

This could easily be curtains. That valley down below was no place to land. Not a short-winged job like this one. It took a long runway to get the little rascal into the air. And it was easy to see that a runway down there in the valley was no dice. The valley wasn't two hundred long, and scarcely one hundred wide.

Eric prayed for a stray breeze, that would take him over this bad patch of China mountains. The breeze didn't come. The plane fell rapidly. He saw that he would just make it past the towering crags that formed the eastern terminus of the deep valley.

A fine place to run out of fuel! Why hadn't he checked the gauge? It showed full. It was in reality half empty before he took off that morning.

Now here he was, coming down in an uninhabited valley in the midst of some of China's worst mountains.

He came down. The plane almost scraped the rocks as Eric maneuvered it to a perch on the valley floor. He jounced along, braking just enough to keep from nosing over. These short, stubby-winged fighters were not designed to land in holes.

At last he came to a stop, not too far from the western wall of the valley. He breathed a sigh of relief as he climbed stiffly out and stood on the rocky soil.

"Me—Vale!" He grinned and threw a glance around at the high, vertical walls of the valley.

"My prison!" he said. "Yeah, Vale, this may be your tomb. Well—"

He strode around the circuit of the valley in a half hour and came back to the plane. He found a chocolate bar and ate it. Now for a drink.

"The Vale luck still holds," he cried as he found a small bubbling spring not far away. "Well, I can at least drink water till death do us part."

There wasn't much to do in this valley, Eric soon found. Nothing but walk around and try to figure a way out. He tackled the eastern wall, climbed twenty feet and then was forced back. The walls seemed to lean inward at that height.

He tackled the south side. Same thing. So was the west.

Yeah, a nice spot!

"Hey!"

A thing of white bounded across his line of vision. A rabbit! He drew his automatic and fired. The rabbit leaped, turned a somersault and lay still.

"Eats!"

He stretched the rabbit out two whole days. It was tough, but nourishing. He could live on rabbit a long time—if there were any more of them.

Just to remain here to eat and drink had little allure for Eric Vale. He tried the walls again. Failed. No, he was trapped. Then a thought hit him like a .45 slug. The spare gas tank under the wing! Why hadn't he thought of it? Could have turned it into the main tank and saved himself. Dummy.

The spare was full. Ten gallons.

So what. So I have gas. What good does it do? Stand the plane on its tail and bore straight up?

No dice. Gasoline was worthless. Plane was worthless. He could use the gas to keep a nice fire going for a time. It was cold nights. Beastly cold.

But he had poured the fuel into the main tank, worked two hours on the engine, and saw that everything was ready for a take off. To where?

There was the automatic. Could use that on himself. Ah, heck. Not that. Where there is life—Mebbe something would happen. Mebbe one of the boys would fly over. Radio.

He ran to the ship and began sending out distress signals. Would anybody answer? Nobody did. He kept sending till he had run the battery as low as he dared. Why save the battery? You never could tell. Lights to read by at night. But nothing to read.

What does a guy do waiting for death? Dissolution. He remembered the term in chemistry class. Wasting away. Dissolving. Crumbling to dust. The buzzards would feast on his flesh. He had seen two or three of the great birds wheeling in the sky yesterday. Watching. They knew what was coming. He hated to think of passing out. Young yet. A lot of things to do yet. It was bad. Bad.

He went to the plane where he had stowed the balance of the rabbit meat under the wing for shade. It was hot down here in the hole during the day. Frigid at night. The rabbit was just turning a little. Tasted awful. But a hungry guy will eat most anything.

I have water, he thought, with little feeling of hope. How long would water keep one alive? There was a guy once lived sixty days on water alone. Some diet!

Eric felt weak already, and he'd at least had some solid stuff to eat.

Two days passed and he found nothing more for food. Some berries, dried and dessicated and most untasty. But he ate them. Now he was weaker.

There is always the revolver. . . .

A great black shape sailed over. He tore his gaze aloft, his heart beating with a great zest. A searching plane; No. A winged scavenger. Waiting.

Going to the little spring, Eric stumbled and a pang of dizziness seized him. Then a sharp pain gripped his stomach. Lack of food. Getting a bit wobbly. Well, the buzzards would not have to wheel long, waiting.

If he could only get that plane out. Chock the wheels somehow, lift the nose, hold the tail—My gosh, where had he heard about a guy

doing that? Getting out of a tight jam like this! Holding the tail down, revving the engine to peak, taking off in a burst with the nose up. . .

My gosh! Oh, my gosh! If he had a rope—

A rope. No rope in the ship. Chocks to hold the wheels while he revved the engine. Easy. Rocks. He ran and scoured the valley for two large stones. He jammed them under the front wheels. All right. Now to hold the tail while he pushed that Whirlwind to its zenith.

Rope. My kingdom for a rope! What did those guys in the South American jungles do when they needed a rope? They found a length of liana. Creeper. Like honey suckle vines. Yeah. That was good for a rope.

A vine. A vine!

There! On the valley wall. A great snaky wild grape. The grapes weren't ripe, but who cared? The vine was. He scampered up the slope, tugged at the vine. It slowly came away, reluctantly. He fell once, about ten feet, but was up in a moment and working at that long creeper.

It came away at last. Thirty—fifty feet of the tough creeper. Would it hold? Would it hold 2000 horsepower straining at that plane to pull it?

He got the end of the vine fastened to the tail. Two lengths. Like two cables. Got them fastened around a six-inch tree. Yeah, but how to cut them at the right time, when the nose was pointed up and the ship was tugging to get off!

No knife big enough to whack through that vine. Fire! Yes, fire. He'd build a fire. But how direct it, control it? A stick! A long stick with a glob of fire on its end. Reach back at the right time and burn the vines through. Get off like a rocket.

He found the stick, got the end lighted, and climbed into the cabin. Started the motor, let it heat up, then revved it to screaming life. The nose lifted. The tail stayed down, but the strain was tremendous. The nose lifted more, pointing almost at a 45-degree angle, just enough to clear the high western wall. Burn it! There! He shot upward.

Over! Just barely making it, but over.

Death is never close.

WINN CLOO

THE DEFECTIVE DETECTIVE



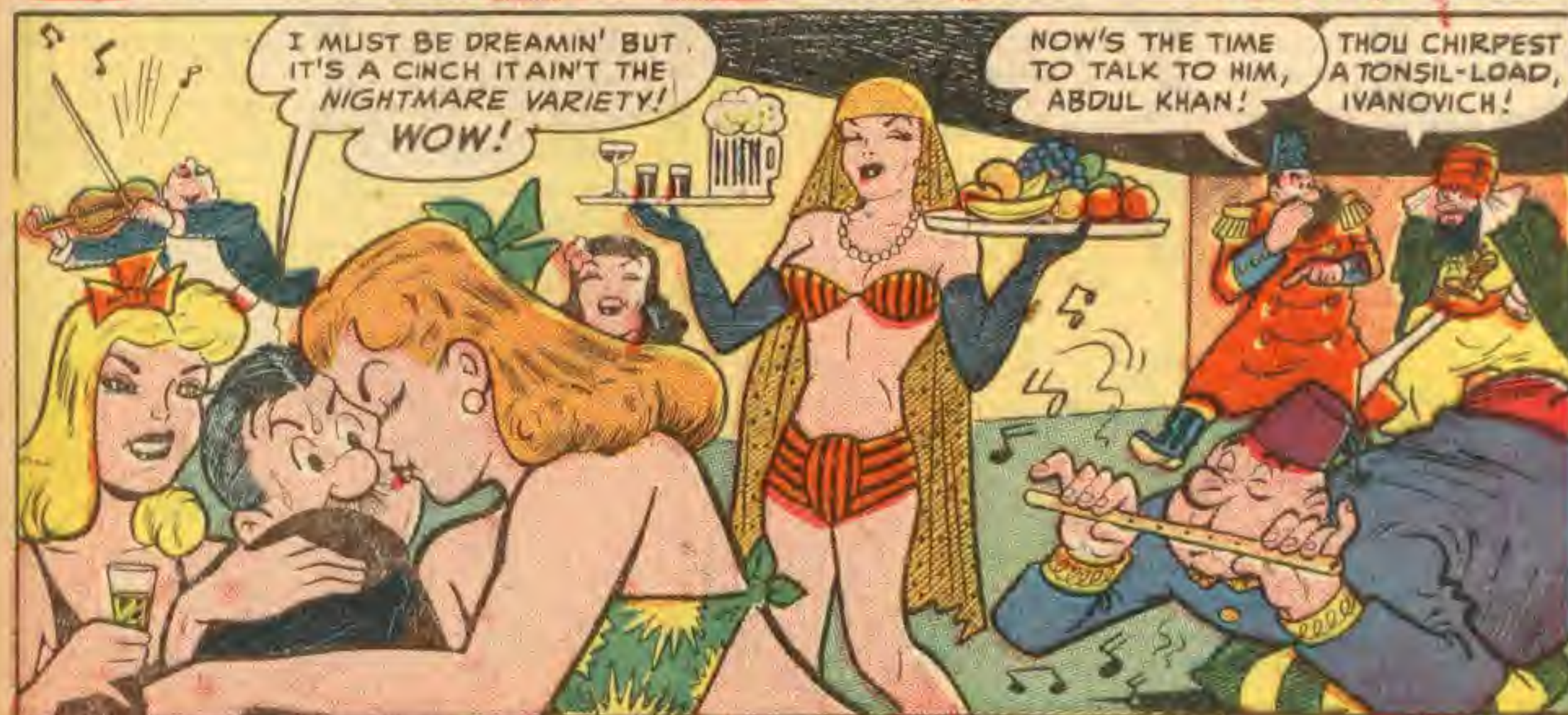
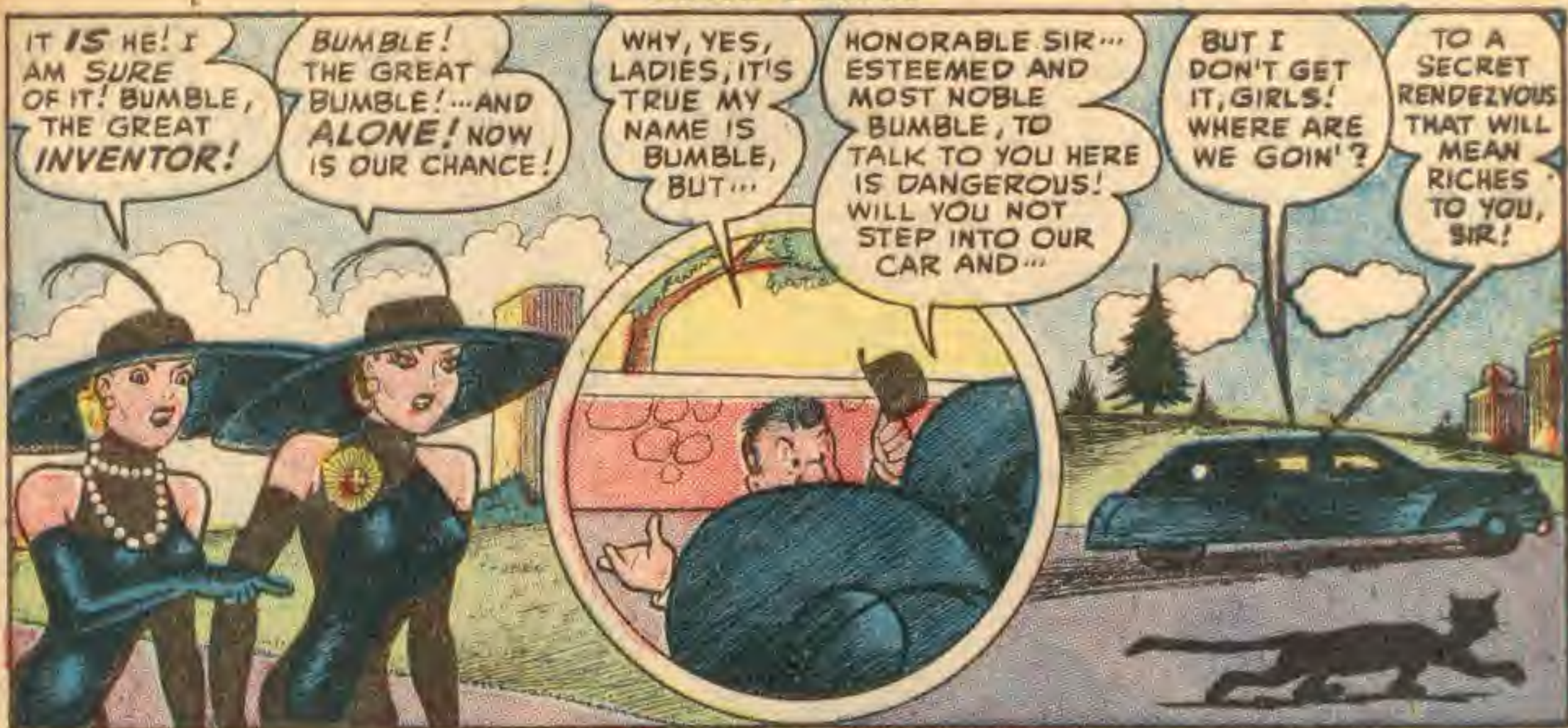
HOW CAN YOU ARREST A GUY WHO'S TRYIN' SO HARD TO BE GOOD?

BEEZY



CRACK COMICS









Kiki Kelly

HAVE YOU SEEN THE NEW POLICEMAN AT THE SCHOOL CROSSING? BOY! IS HE SMOOTH!

YES! HE'S GOT ALL THE GIRLS IN A DITHER!

BUT HE'S SO HAUGHTY AND ALOOF... DOESN'T NOTICE ANY OF US!

GUESS HE THINKS WE'RE JUST A BUNCH OF SILLY SCHOOL KIDS!

LUNCH IS ON THE TABLE, KIKI!

NO TIME TO EAT... I-I-I'VE GOT SOMETHIN' VERY IMPORTANT TO ATTEND TO!

WHAT? DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE WEARING THAT OUTFIT BACK TO SCHOOL?

WELL... ER... MOTHER, I THINK A GIRL SHOULD LOOK HER BEST AT ALL TIMES...

...AND I'VE BEEN LETTING MYSELF GET A BIT DOWDY LATELY, I FEAR!

NOW! WE'LL SEE HOW HAUGHTY AND ALOOF MR. POLICEMAN CAN BE AT STREET CROSSINGS!

ZOWIE! HE SURE NOTICED KIKI, ALL RIGHT!

WOW! I'LL SAY HE DID!

STOP GO

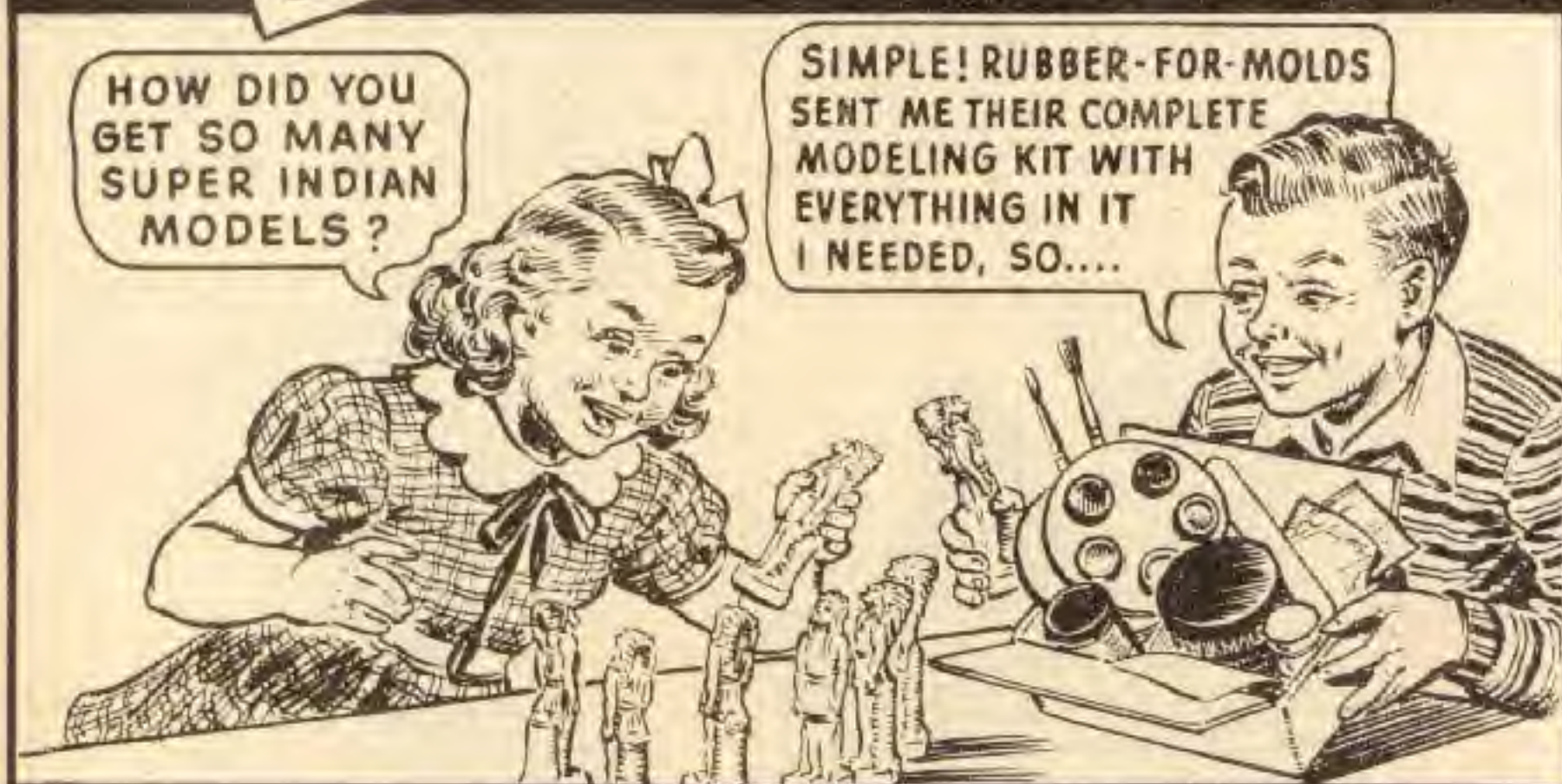
DAW-GONE JAY WALKER!

**BOYS!
GIRLS!**

**Make Your Own Models OF
DOGS, SOLDIERS—ANYTHING—
THIS EASY NEW WAY!**

HOW DID YOU
GET SO MANY
SUPER INDIAN
MODELS?

SIMPLE! RUBBER-FOR-MOLDS
SENT ME THEIR COMPLETE
MODELING KIT WITH
EVERYTHING IN IT
I NEEDED, SO....



.... I JUST PAINT THE
INDIAN MODEL IN THE KIT
WITH LIQUID RUBBER
LIKE THIS!

LOOKS
EASY!



YOU SAID IT! WHEN THE
RUBBER DRIES, I STRIP IT
OFF AND I'VE GOT A RUBBER
MOLD OF THE INDIAN.

WHAT
DO YOU
DO WITH
THAT?



JUST POUR MODELING
POWDER INTO IT. THEN
WHEN IT DRIES, I
REMOVE THE RUBBER.

DOES THAT
MAKE A CAST
OF THE INDIAN?



YUP - JUST LIKE MAGIC! NOW I
PAINT THE INDIAN. SHUCKS, I CAN
MAKE HUNDREDS OF 'EM FROM THIS
ONE MOLD—SELL 'EM, TOO! YOU CAN
REPRODUCE ANYTHING
WITH RUBBER-FOR-MOLDS.

GEE, THAT LOOKS LIKE
FUN. I'M GOING TO OR-
DER ME A KIT TODAY!



**NOW! NEW MOLD-ART KIT CONTAINS EVERYTHING YOU
NEED—FUN TO DO—EARN MONEY AT THE SAME
TIME... NO ART SKILL NEEDED**

Here's more fun and excitement than you've ever known before! This amazing Rubber-For-Molds complete Mold-Art Modeling Kit contains everything you need to reproduce statuettes, plaques or any other models quickly, easily and at a sensational low cost. Just coat any subject with the liquid rubber in the kit, allow it to dry, strip it off... and you have a mold that can be used to make hundreds of castings like original subject. Kit includes Indian warrior model to start you off. New improved illustrated, easy-to-follow book of instructions (50¢ value) makes it simple to make your own models. Start new fascinating hobby—even make it profitable! Order your introductory trial kit today.

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KIT ONLY

\$1.49

**START YOUR OWN
BUSINESS**

molding toys, novel-
ties, statuettes, book-
ends, etc. in spare
hours. Great hobby
brings fun and oppor-
tunity for big profits.
Send coupon for trial
kit including big new
instruction book
showing how
to mold all
kinds of ob-
jects today

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Fill in coupon now to get your
complete RUBBER-for-
MOLDS Kit. Send no money.
On arrival, pay postman only
\$1.49 plus postage for the
complete kit of 14 different
items. Then follow the easy
instructions. If you don't
agree that this is the most
exciting outfit you've ever
seen, if you aren't delighted
with the wonderful results
you get, simply return the
unused portion of your kit
in 10 days and your money
will be refunded immediately. Don't
wait. Start this fascinating hobby.
learn how to make extra spending
money by mailing coupon right now.

PROFESSIONALS!

There's No Finer Rubber For Molds!
... Popular Prices In Pints, Quarts,
Gallons.

Kit contains 50¢ value In-
struction Book, 14 Differ-
ent Items—Everything
You Need! Famous Indian
warrior model in bright
colors; generous supply of
finest liquid rubber; mold-
ing powder; base on which
to mount subject; shellac
for fastening to base;
brush for spreading rubber;
extra brush; sandpaper;
talcum for dusting; talcum
pad; spatula; palette of
colors to paint models.

RUSH THIS 10-DAY TRIAL COUPON!

RUBBER-FOR-MOLDS, Inc., Dept. 53L
6044 Avondale, Chicago 31, Illinois

Please send me your complete RUBBER-FOR-MOLDS
Modeling Kit, including 50¢ Instruction Book, for which
I will pay postman only \$1.49 plus postage. (Send \$1.49
with order, we pay postage.) I will return Kit in 10 days if
I am not satisfied and you will refund my \$1.49.

Name _____ (print plainly)

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

RUBBER-FOR-MOLDS, Inc., Dept. 53L, 6044 N. Avondale, Chicago 31, Ill.



HOW
JUST

TWO WORDS

TURNED MAC
INTO A

HE-MAN!



I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too —in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

If you (like Mac), are fed up with being "pushed around"—if you're sick and tired of having the kind of a body that people PITY instead of ADMIRE—then give me just 15 minutes a day! That's all I need to PROVE I can make you a NEW MAN!

I know what I'm talking about. I was once a thin, peepless, 97 pound "bag of bones" myself. Then I discovered my now-famous secret, "Dynamic Tension." It turned me into "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man." And I have used this secret to rebuild thousands of other scrawny, half-alive weaklings into perfect, red-blooded specimens of real HE-MANHOOD. Let me prove that I can do the same for YOU!

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I don't care how old or young you are or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. If you can simply raise your arm and flex it I can add SOLID-MEAT SIZE to your biceps—yes, on each arm—in double-quick time!

FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they look before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Send NOW for this book—FREE. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension." Shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU! Don't put it off! Address me personally, Charles Atlas, Dept. 3309, 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N.Y.



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I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name _____ Age _____
(Please print or write plainly)

Address _____

City _____ Zone No. _____ (If any) State _____